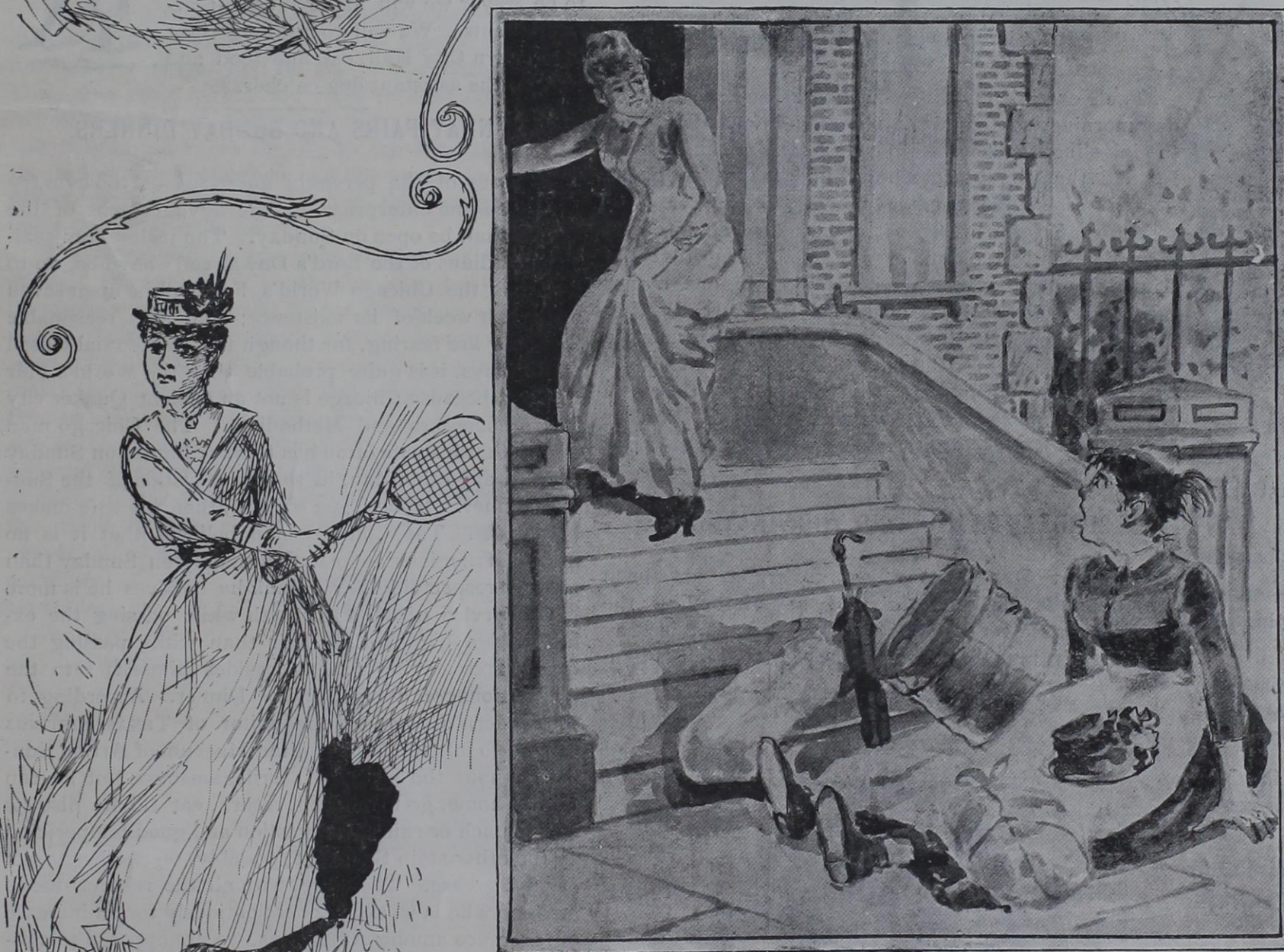


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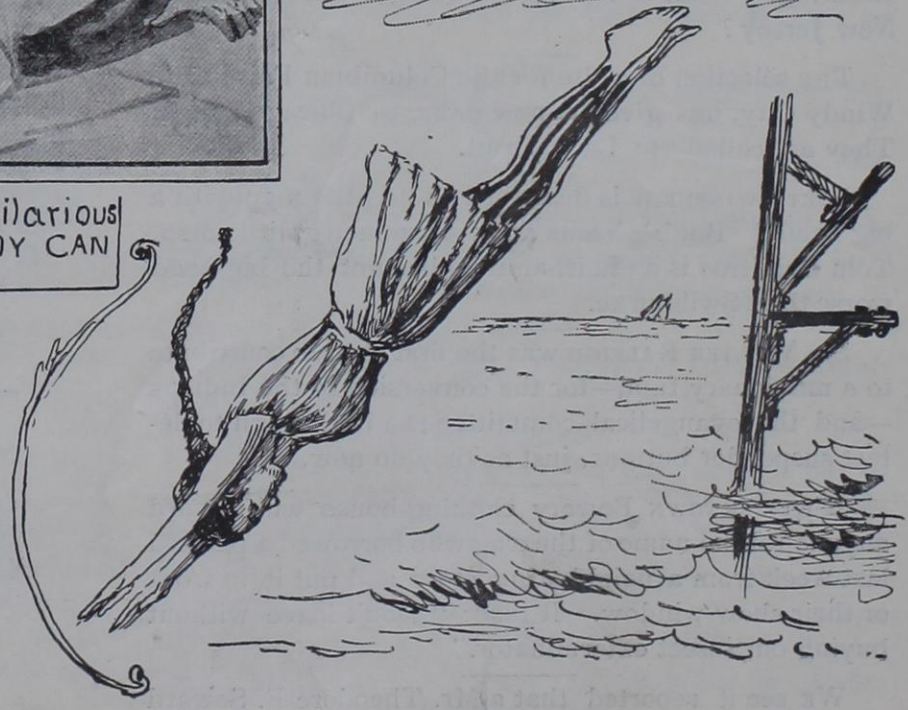
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WHEN THE COOK BECOMES HILARIOUS
THE MODERN ATHLETIC YOUNG LADY CAN
PUT HER OUT.



WORK THEN; PHYSICAL CULTURE NOW.

Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter.

ALEX. E. SWEET, }
A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

THE oyster lover swears bi-valve.

REAL estate transfer—mud slinging.

A NOVEL industry—romance writing.

BENT on going—the hump-back man.

WELL known—the man who is never ill.

A HORSE drama needs to be well mounted.

UNITED workmen—those who are married.

IT requires but little mining to blast a reputation.

THE Kurds ought to know all about cheese making.

SHOULDN'T be handled without gloves—live electric wires.

MONKEYS that obtain their nutriment in the tops of trees have lofty browse.

IT was an editor who called on the bartender for a little more inside matter.

SOME men buy umbrellas, some men achieve them, and some get wet and swear.

IT must have been a wagon wheel that first complained of "that tired feeling."

A WOULD-BE suicide said he blew out the gas because he had blown in all his money.

"BRICK" POMEROY drinks his lemonade plain. He is one of those Bricks without straw.

A WRITER on Mark Twain says he has "remarkable inner sense, at home." And he has Inner Sense Abroad, too.

SOME New Jersey hack-drivers have been fined for swearing. What is the use of being a hack-driver in New Jersey?

THE selection of a site for the Columbian Fair in the Windy City, has given a new name to Chicago bangs. They are called the Lake Front.

POET SWINBURNE is described as "a little man with a big head." But big heads are not confined to little men. Tom Ochiltree is a giant, and he has got the big-head worse than Swinburne.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was the first man to contribute to a missionary fund—for the conversion of the Indians—and the evangelical committee ran it through to detect suspender buttons, just as they do now.

A WELL-KNOWN Bowery clothing-house will reward anyone for the name of the wag who borrowed a placard last week from a neighboring store and put it in front of their show-window. It read: "Don't leave without buying our insect exterminator."

WE see it reported that a Mr. Theodore F. Seward advocates the "Tonic Sol-Fa," and urges that it be introduced in our common schools. When a tonic is necessary in our common schools perhaps it would be better for the family physician to prescribe it.

THE POET'S DAUGHTER.



LEEP, my daughter,
Soft in your cradle-bed,
I would your life might ever be
As sweet and happy as it seems
You see it now in baby dreams,
For, O you smile so prettily,
Bless your little golden head!

Sleep, my daughter,
E'en as pure love for lover
I wait thy waking. O well
Papa loves Dimple, little blue-bell—

(THREE MINUTES LATER.)

Mamma! O Jessie! Wife! Do tell
Kathleen to come and take
The baby. She is awake.
What? I didn't yell,
Only murmured love above her.

OTIS COLBURN.

ber. Day after day he assured the reporters that the storm was off, and day after day the rain continued to pour down in steady torrents. Everybody was disgusted, except the gentleman at the head of the street cleaning department, and there was a disposition to blame Dunn for it. Had he shown himself in some quarters he would have been Dunn-up. He has tried hard to place the responsibility elsewhere. He talked about the storm being caught

PRINCE GEORGE'S PLUCK.

On the strength of a bogus report to the effect that Prince George had been attacked by a party of roughs in Montreal and wiped the pavement with them, that royal blood got some first-class puffs in American newspapers, praising his pluck and prowess. Editors not much given to lauding princes were enthusiastic in glorifying Prince George and his muscle, affirming that he had proved himself worthy of being called a true-blue Englishman. But the story was made out of whole cloth with fraudulent trimmings added, and the originator of it is in jail. Nothing is left now for the Prince to do except to get into a row and prove that he really has the prowess attributed to him.

THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT'S BLUNDER.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat, on a recent Sunday morning, contained the startling information that the ink-slinger had ceased to be in New York and Brooklyn and that the vitriol-slinger had taken his place. This is base slander, sir, and wholly uncalled for. We resent it. SIFTINGS resents it deeply on behalf of all New York and Brooklyn. It's a good thing that the Times-Democrat is published away off in one corner next to a gulf—at least away off from us. Brother Murat Halstead, Brother Dana, Brother Pulitzer, notice the slur! We will for the present consider the cause of the slip to have been—well, we will believe that you were irresponsible and we await a retraction. Brother Ink-slinger of the Times-Democrat, retract, or we fight—in France.

SERGEANT DUNN AND THE WEATHER.

Sergeant Dunn, the officer to whom has been assigned the arduous duty of superintending the weather for New York, was very much demoralized by the long continued rain storm that prevailed in Septem-



POST-OFFICE ITEM.
Excluded from the males.

WHERE MAYORS HUNT BEST.

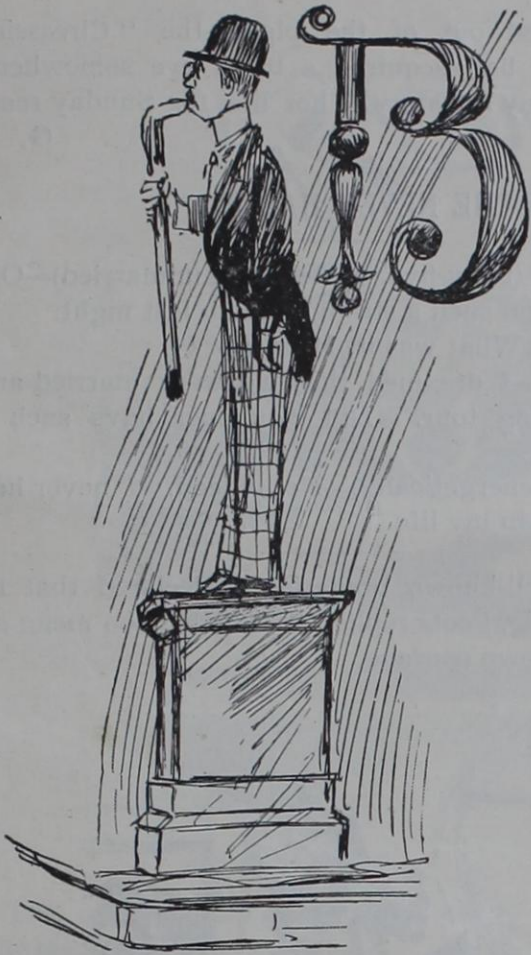
The Mayor of New York recently went gunning away up in the wilds of "away-back." He walked all over the woods, fought bugs and ate coarse food only to see one deer and not hit it. When we get to be Mayor we will make different arrangements. We will go gunning right in our own City Hall, eat fine food and remove the assistant dog-catcher.



SUNDAY FAIRS AND SUNDAY DINNERS.

It is one of the perennial questions of the country whether some enterprises for the advancement of the people shall be open on Sunday. The jealous and zealous guardians of the Lord's Day already have begun to fear that the Chicago World's Fair will be open seven days each week of its existence; and it is reasonable that they are fearing, for though the Centennial closed on Sundays, it is quite probable that the World's Fair will not, because Chicago is not an ancient Quaker city full of snoozers and Methodists. The Chicago man knows that his wife often has to work harder on Sunday than on any other day, in the construction of the Sunday Dinner. If he has a servant, then his wife makes her bustle. The Chicago man believes that it is no more sacrilegious to play respectably on Sunday than to work respectably. We think he believes he is more in the service of Moral Growth while passing the exhibits of a big World's Fair than while passing the turkey and leading others (besides himself) into the temptations of a big Sunday Dinner. According to the Modern Crusaders, the editor of TEXAS SIFTINGS cannot go into the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Sunday without the stain of sacrilegiousness, but he can stay at home, go to church, return, eat till he distorts his stomach or ruins his digestion and good temper, and get no other stain than that, possibly, of raspberry jam or pork grease. Therefore, with all the respect due to any one who is working conscientiously for an increase of reverence among Americans, we are opposed to closing the World's Fair on Sundays. Considering how far the working class outnumbers us millionaires, considering that not one day but several will be required for seeing the Fair thoroughly, and considering that to see it thoroughly cannot fail to broaden the mind, increasing its wonder and admiration of man and his Maker, we think it would be a sacrilege to close the fair on Sunday. It would interfere greatly with a strong agency for good. It would show a want of human sympathy. It is impossible to make any one a Christian by force. The beauty and truth of the Golden Rule must appeal to him regardless of space and time. The man who is not a Christian six days of each week cannot change into a reliable one each Sunday, and the man who is a Christian six days of each week will be one on Sundays even at a ball game. If the sun, which is the Creator's chief agency for life, were to rest on Sunday and go to church, where, on that day, would the Crusaders eat their Sunday Dinners?

CORNER STATUES.



BY GROPING backward in the dim recesses of memory for the earliest specimen of male beauty on record according to my reading, I have yanked Absalom forth for contemplation, and have derived great satisfaction from thinking about the manner in which he found his beauty a snare. If such providential dispensations were only common in this later day it would be an occasion for the little hills to dance together with joy, and the floods and earthquakes and pestilences and things to clap their hands as they did aforetime.

Nowadays, however, our he-beauties do not ride on mules, nor have I heard of one getting caught by the hair in an oak tree. On the contrary they flourish like Green Bay horses, and stand in public places, and even go on the stage, relying, and not in vain, on their good looks as a satisfactory substitute for histrionic ability.

Now, the heart of man, as somebody said, is desperately wicked and deceitful above all things, and therefore it comes about that certain of the youth of New York give their nights and days to vain imaginings, to wit: they believe themselves to be goodly to behold, and they lavish many shekels in the fond belief that the tailor and the barber, and the manicure and the hatter, and the haberdasher and the shoemaker can make them still more goodly.

This would not be specially an occasion for public grief, if the misguided youth aforesaid should content themselves with admiring themselves in private, rejoicing in their own beauty all by their lonesomes. Beyond a peradventure they see something in themselves that is good to look at, and they might get solace for themselves in that way, doing no harm, but their delusion is too rampant, and they believe—or at least it is believed that they believe that other people like to look at them, so they inflict themselves upon the sight of the public to their own ungodly satisfaction and the unspeakable discomfiture of the beholders.

Possibly this may be an unnecessarily explicit explanation of the origin of the corner statue, since he is of no earthly significance (excepting as an annoyance) to any other human being than himself. It is well, however, to understand your subject even if you are talking of fleas or any other vermin.

Unhappily, there are many of these statues in New York. They toil not, neither do they spin, and Solomon never had so many or so gorgeous garments as they. Whatever the prevailing fashion may be, they carry it to obnoxious extremes for the sole purpose of making people look at



The Puppy Statue.

them. It makes no difference to the statue whether the person who gazes on him is afflicted with nausea at the sight, or whether he is transported with delight. The statue is only anxious to be looked at.

Certain corners in the city abound in statues as certain marshes and pools abound in mosquitoes, and one breed of statue differs from another as different breeds of puppies differ. Perhaps the most noted corner is at Broadway and Fourteenth street. A single short block there is called the Rialto, from the fact that bad actors meet there and spout hackneyed quotations at one another. Something may be forgiven to the Thespian statue because he is advertising himself or thinks he is, but he is fully as obnoxious as others. He runs to long hair, like Absalom, and is usually clean-shaven, priding himself on the flexibility of his features. He can wag his nose and chin as an ass wags his ears, and when they wag he brays.

Further uptown is another corner where the he-beauties congregate in numbers and make it as unpleasant as possible for the ladies who are obliged to pass on their shopping expeditions. The famous Fifth Avenue Hotel stands on this corner, and its front door is about

class of statues are naturally attracted. They are called mashers, and are of all ages, varying only in degrees of insanity and insignificance. They seek their prey after their natural instincts, and the only comfort to be derived in contemplating them and their work is that the women they capture are seldom of importance enough to make their ruin of any consequence to any one but themselves.

Of the many other varieties of statues there is not time or space enough to write. Between the low East-side rowdy and the Fifth avenue cad there is a difference only in clothing. They are corner loafers alike, and their extinction would be a boon to mankind.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

WANTED TO FEEL AT HOME.

A man with his trousers in his boots and his head covered with a big slouch hat, came into a high-toned New York saloon the other day, and said: "Is this a bar-room?"

"Certainly," said the white-aproned attendant. "What'll you have, sir?"

"I reckon it ain't no bar-room," said the stranger, glancing around suspiciously at the dazzling mirrors and art treasures on the walls. "Where's the barrels fellers sit on?"

"We keep the barrels in the cellar."

"Where's the gang that drops in to sit around the stove, ready to waltz up to the bar at the sight of coin?"

"We don't allow any sitting around here. When a gentleman has taken his drink he goes out."

"Where's the man with his eye gouged out?"

"We don't



A HAND-ME-DOWN JUDGE.

MRS. HOFFSTEINER (to her husband)—What makes you scowl so, Abraham?

MR. HOFFSTEINER—I should think our son Isaac, now that he is a shudge, would sink the shop.

What has he done?

Vy, the baber says Shudge Hoffsteiner has hanted town a decision. Now hant-me-town ish all right for the cloding pusiness, but it's oudt of blace on the pench.



the best place in the city to watch the interesting panorama of the great Broadway promenade. Because this is true many innocent men stand there at times and look on with wholesome and harmless admiration, but many statues are there also—male creatures who lie in wait for the females of their kind, and, being gifted with no intelligence whatever, ogle and offend decent women. They have some cunning, of a low kind—a sort of brute instinct—and so keep within the limits prescribed by the police, and they seldom get arrested, more's the pity.

The next few blocks above on Broadway are infested with statues. They have the anatomical semblance of humanity, and, unfortunately, they move around as men do when they walk, but for the most part they stand around, to the detriment of the neighborhood, and the delectation of themselves alone. The special haunts of vice are close by, for it is the famous Tenderloin Precinct, that is reported to have paid more illegal tribute to corrupt policemen than any other in the city. As might be expected, the statues along here, are among the worst-mannered and meanest in morals of any in town. The police are rigid in their treatment of them, and hold them somewhat in check, but they are still a pest.

One particularly antipathetical species of statue in fests what women know as the shopping districts. On certain corners where the great dry-goods and fancy stores are located, there are, naturally, great crowds of girls and women. Where these crowds are, the worst

have any such parties around here. Anything I can do for you?"

"Ain't got no odd noses and pieces of lip anywhere about?"

"No, we haven't," said the bartender, testily; "no lip but yours."

"You needn't get mad. Will the feller who tomahawks strangers be in directly?"

"Don't know any such man. If you want anything, ask for it."

"But the chap that shoots the glass out of your mouth without spillin' the liquor, where might he be?"

"Perhaps you had better go away from here. I guess you had better get out."

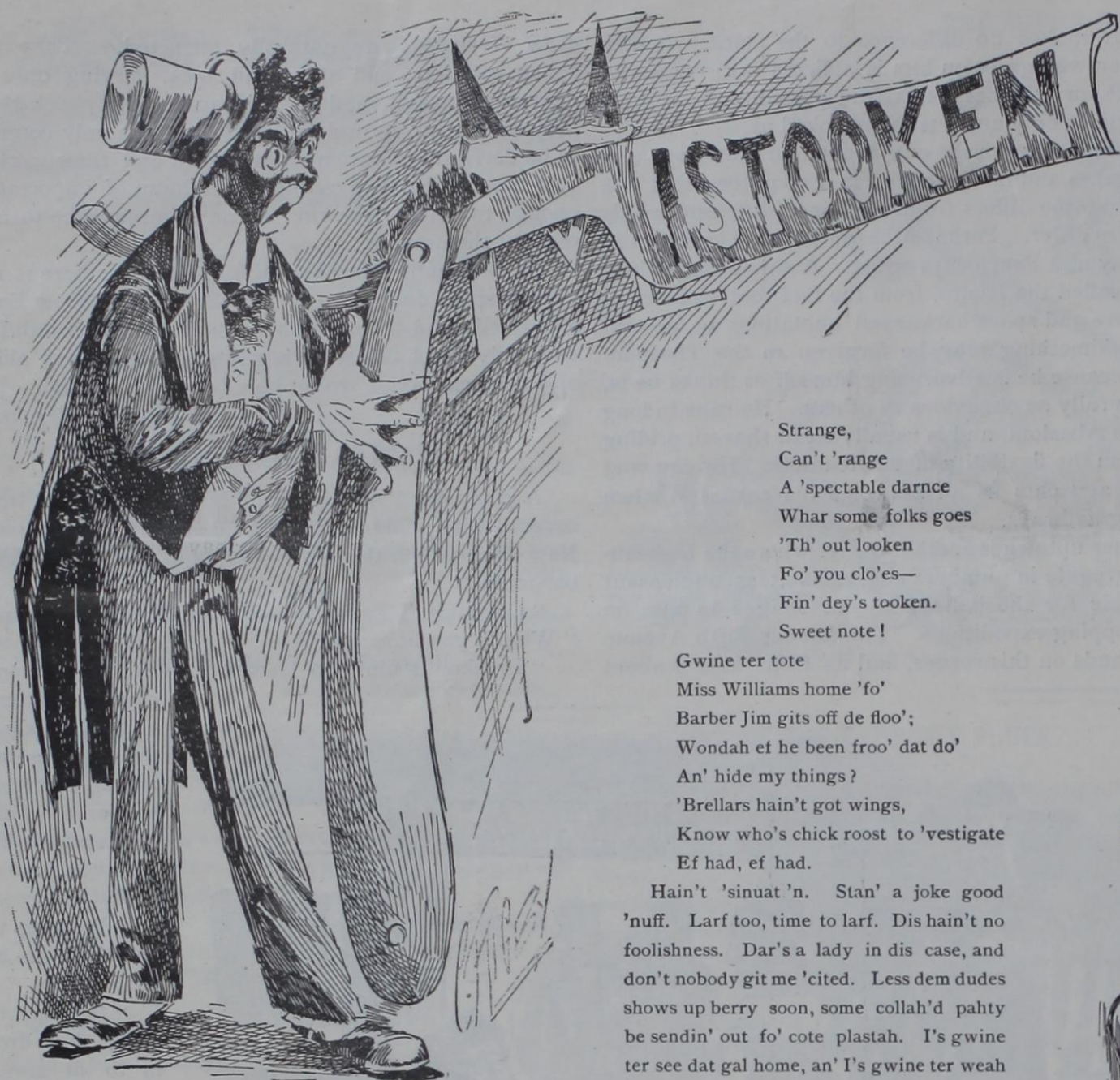
"Say them words agin, pardner. That's natural; it's got the right ring."

"Get out or I'll throw you out!"

"Oh, now you're shoutin', stranger! Sing it out to me. Club me once or twice. Put a bullet through this nigh lung that is affected. Gimme some judgment sunrise! Talk to me again, only stronger. Why didn't you declare yourself at first, stranger? Why did you hold back? You see, I'm from the wilds of Texas, where liquor doesn't taste good unless the bartender goes for us. Trot out your tanbark."

And after pouring out a big drink the man from Texas stalked away satisfied.

When the Smiths hold a family reunion, the Joneses have to move out of town temporarily.



How de goodness,
I don't see,
De use anybody be
So mean like dat.
Took my hat,
Some feller,
An' 'imbrellar—
Shoot de luck!
What Buck
Done dat?
Stan' back! Wash Grimes
What use you hab,
Er Dunlab,
An' gol' han'l 'brell?
Sam Jones, I smell
Er rat.
I want dat 'brell
An' hat,
You heah dat?
Say. I did
Sot dem dar,
On dis cha'r,
Now dey's hid
Er tooken.

Strange,
Can't 'range
A 'spectable darnce
Whar some folks goes
'Th' out looken
Fo' you clo'es—
Fin' dey's tooken.
Sweet note!

Gwine ter tote
Miss Williams home 'fo'
Barber Jim gits off de floo';
Wondah ef he been froo' dat do'
An' hide my things?
'Brellars hain't got wings,
Know who's chick roost to 'vestigate
Ef had, ef had.

Hain't 'sinuat 'n. Stan' a joke good
'nuff. Larf too, time to larf. Dis hain't no
foolishness. Dar's a lady in dis case, and
don't nobody git me 'cited. Less dem dudes
shows up berry soon, some collah'd pahty
be sendin' out fo' cote plastah. I's gwine
ter see dat gal home, an' I's gwine ter weah
dat hat, an' carry dat 'brell.

* * * * *
Fo' land sakes!
Dat gal takes
De bunion. Look out dar!
She got my hat
An' 'brell an' sat
A waitin' on de sta'r.

W. H. EADON.

THE DIME MUSEUM'S SACRED CONCERT.

In front of a dime museum in Harlem was a sign which read, "Grand Sacred Concert, Sunday, 1 to 10 P. M." It being Sunday afternoon I was curious to know what a grand sacred concert in a dime museum might be, so I tarried there. In front of the door stood a grand sacred shouter, urging passers-by to stop and hear the concert.

"Walk in, gentlemen and ladies," said he, "and listen to the grandest sacreddest concert you ever heard; none equal to it in America."

"Got any tar?" asked an irreverent youth.

"What do we want of tar?" said the shouter.

"To get up to concert pitch," said the youth, who would have been pitched into the gutter if he hadn't moved on quickly.

There was a grand sacred ticket seller in the ticket office, who sported a white cravat, and passed out tickets in exchange for dimes, with a subdued Sunday air. A serious minded policeman stood on the curbstone meditatively swinging his Sunday club.

Passing up a narrow staircase into a hall I found quite a crowd assembled, awaiting the promised concert. They were amusing themselves by watching a grand sacred fat woman, who was softly sleeping in her ponderous chair, and other curiosities suitable for the Sabbath day.

There was "Fiji Jim," a grand sacred cannibal from the Fiji Islands. He looked surprisingly like a discharged gateman on the elevated railroad I once knew, and the way he started when I cried "Step lively!" convinced me that it was he.

"Komachi, the Egyptian Empress," practiced her sacred arts of necromancy and slight of hand, though she wasn't so slight of hand as the Living Skeleton, who appeared to be the "bones" of the grand sacred concert.

"Does the sacred symphony commence soon?" I asked him.

"Well, young man, it may seem phunny to you," he replied, "but to me, working seven days in the week is very serious business."

He calls it working, holding his bones together.

"South Sea Island Joe," a giant warrior, looked slightly out of place in a sacred concert.

"Why do the heathen rage?" I whispered, and Joe winked and said he would show what raging was if the manager didn't come down with extra salary for this "Sunday fake."

As I passed out of the place, the "Circassian Beauty," who had acquired a black eye somewhere, urged me to buy a history of her life, for Sunday reading. G.

HE NEVER HAD IT.

Miss Flora (forty-five, homely and unmarried)—Oh, Mr. Blunt, I had such a strange dream last night.

Mr. Blunt—What was it, Miss Flora?

Miss Flora—I dreamed that we were married and on our wedding tour. Did you ever have such a dream?

Mr. Blunt (energetically)—No, indeed. I never had the nightmare in my life!

WHEN a well-known prevaricator declared that he was afraid to lie, Poots replied that he had too mean an opinion of his own courage.



"STAN' BACK, WASH GRIMES!"

HE HAD JUST HEARD OF IT.

It was while SIFTINGS was published in Austin, Texas, that a wild-eyed man rushed into our sanctum and exclaimed: "They've killed him!"

"Killed who?" we asked.

"Julius Caesar. They have assassinated him in cold blood, and he's deader'n a door nail."

"You don't say?"

"It's a fact. Julius Caesar, whom we all loved and revered, has been foully murdered."

"To-day?"

"Yes, about half-past ten this morning."

"Where did they tackle the old man?"

"In the capitol, as I understand."

Then the wild-eyed man went on to say that he never saw Julius Caesar, although he was once billed to lecture in his town.

"Who were the assassins?" we demanded.

"Brutus was one, a particular friend of Caesar's. But there was another brute as helped him."

"Cassius?"

"That was his name. Cassius helped Caesar to cash in his checks. Cimber was there."

"And Trebonius?"

"Don't remember any trombone player. But Casca I heard mentioned."

"Gin?"

"What do you mean?"

"Casca gin."

"I wouldn't wonder if gin had something to do with it."

"Did Caesar have no warning of this?"

"Yes, I believe so. He had a friend in Calphurnia—"

"What good would a friend in California do him, when he was assailed in Austin?"

"Calphurnia was his wife, Mrs. Caesar. She warned him not to go out on the street to-day, because she had had a bad dream about him, but he didn't pay no 'tention, and now he's killed," and the wild-eyed man buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

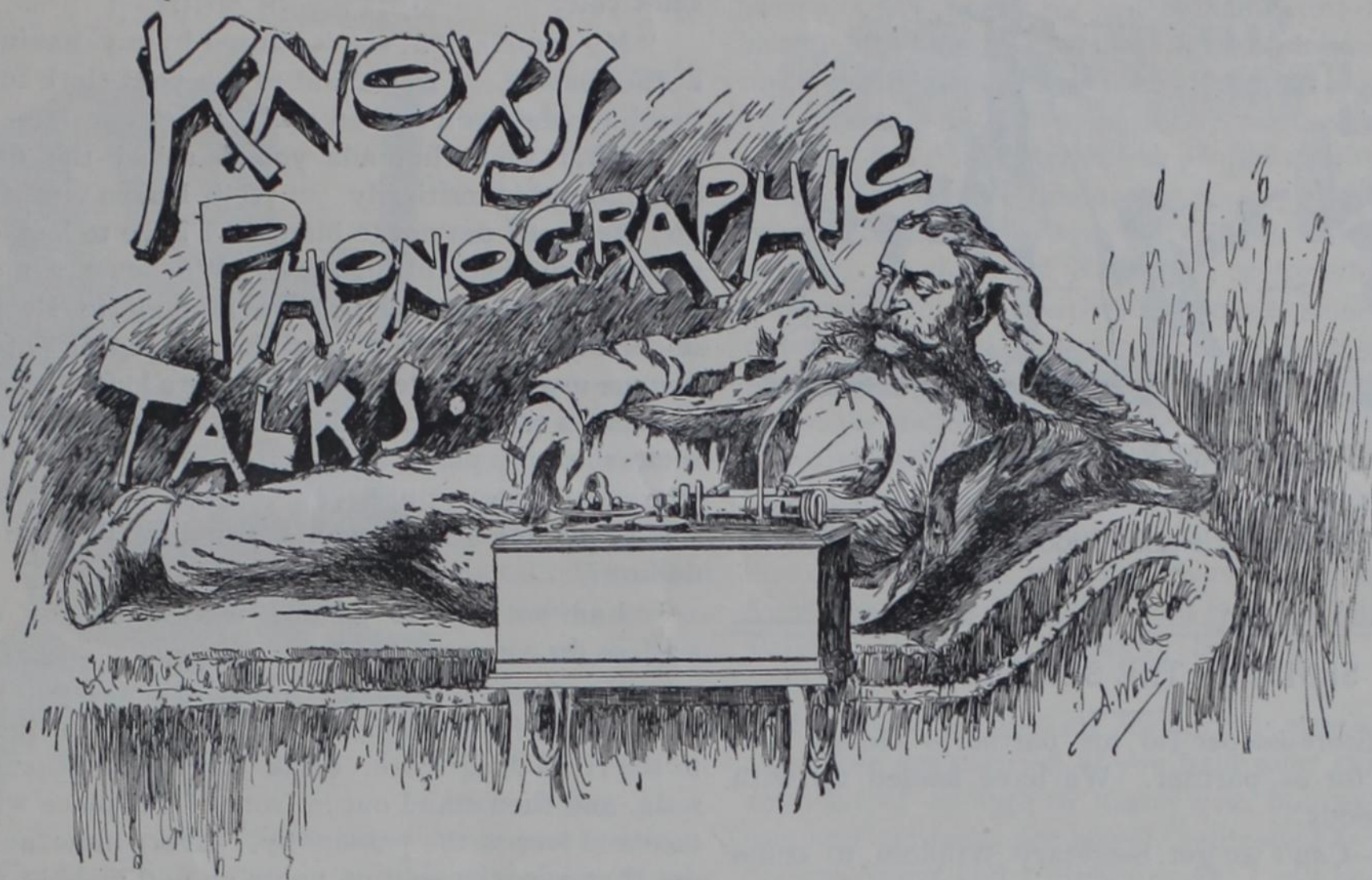
GENUINE TURKISH RUGS.

Smith—Well, Pat, what are you doing for a living now?

Pat—Begorra, I have an illigant job on the Bowery makin' ginerwine Turkish rugs.



"DAT GAL TAKES DE BUNION."



The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they get there just the same.

One of these mills "got there" recently and ground up a London hotel clerk in most excellent style. The news of this being done, and the manner of its doing has afforded me more pleasure than I have experienced since last spring, when I found a five-dollar bill in the lining of an old waistcoat.

It seems that a few days ago Colonel James Pepper, of Kentucky, who was stopping at the Hotel Metropole, London, returned to the hotel accompanied by Mrs. Pepper. The time was 11 P. M. He escorted Mrs. Pepper to the lift and then stepped to the counter and asked the lordly varlet in charge to hand to him his key. The clerk, who was talking to an acquaintance, paid no attention to the Colonel's request until several minutes had elapsed and the request had been repeated several times.

When the Colonel got the key and had reached the corridor above he was overtaken by the person to whom the clerk had been talking. The remaining description of the incident I here quote from the cabled report to the N. Y. Sun:

The person said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I think you really ought to know why that clerk was so inattentive. He said to me when you first asked for your key 'he's only an American; let him wait.'"

The Colonel's Kentucky blood suddenly rose to the boiling point. He sprang from the elevator and whipped a huge pistol from his pocket.

"Come out from behind that desk," he shouted to the clerk. "Come quick; come a-runnin'."

The clerk came and he came running likewise, perspiring with terror. His face was ashen, and though he was trying to speak his lips moved like the jaws of an expiring trout, and no sound came from them. Fifty people in the great corridors rushed up to see what was the matter.

"Get down on your knees," cried Pepper in an awful voice, relapsing into the Kentucky vernacular. "Get down on your knees, or I'll shoot your years off."

The terrified clerk hesitated but a fraction of a second, and came down to his knees on the marble floor.

"Now," cried the Kentuckian, "You apologize to every American that ever stayed here for your damned impudence to the people that keep your hotel going. Repeat after me what I say. 'I apologize to all the Americans in London.' Say it quick."

"I apologize to all the Americans in London," stammered the clerk.

"For all my previous incivility," continued the Colonel, sternly.

"For all my previous incivility," faltered the victim.

"And I hereby solemnly promise to treat all Americans with respect and consideration hereafter," Quick, say it."

The menial obeyed and Pepper then allowed him to rise and retire behind his desk, the humblest and most crestfallen clerk in any hotel anywhere. Then the Colonel showed his pistol to the assembled multitude. "It is one I picked up in a curiosity shop in Paris for a friend who has a collection of ancient firearms," he said, "and it has not been loaded for a hundred years, and the lock is rusted out."

I think the scene, above described by the Sun's correspondent, must have been "just too sweet for anything," and I am sure that all Americans who have ever sojourned at the Metropole would gladly emphasize their appreciation and approval of Colonel Pepper's act by joining in presenting to him some appropriate testimonial.

The Metropole is larger than any hotel in New York. Its cuisine is excellent and the furnishings and decorations of its rooms are very fine, but in its business department it is, I think, the most wretchedly managed concern on earth.

There are clerks unsurprising numbers connected

with the office, but one ordinary American hotel clerk could do more for the comfort of the guests, and more to expedite their business than does the whole army of imbeciles employed in the Metropole.

You arrive, for instance, and wish to register and get a room. You hunt around the hall until you see a man behind a counter, and behind him a lot of keys hanging on pegs. You naturally step up to the counter, and placing your valise thereon, tell the man that you want to register.

He points to your valise and says: "Take that to the 'ed porter."

He does not say this to a bell-boy or porter, but to you, although he does not deign to look at you. He is too much absorbed in reading a postal card addressed to one of the guests. You mildly put the question:

"Where is the head porter?"

"To the left near the hentrance."

You prow around awhile, and after mistaking several uniformed vassals for the head porter you eventually find that official. The gorgeousness of his uniform, the vacuity of his countenance, and the austerity of his manner causes you at first to fear that you have stumbled against "the ruler of the Queen's Navee." He condescends to take your luggage and he gives you a receipt containing a description of its metes and bounds, size and shape, etc.

You go back to the first man, who is now wearily chewing a piece of blotting paper, and meekly tell him that you want a room. He tells you to "go to the 'ed book-keeper." You ask where the head book-keeper may be found. Such inquisitiveness on your part seems to bore him, but he brightens up and says, "first 'allway to the right."

Following directions, you see a man at a desk in an alcove with a big book before him. You say: "I wish to register and secure a room."

He takes a pen out of his mouth and points with it over his shoulder. By this time your temperature has gone up considerably and you are talking to yourself in a low tone through your teeth.

You try in the direction pointed out and find another alcove wherein is a man erasing a figure 6 from the page of a big book, but he turns out to be only the head messenger's head clerk. His uniform is somewhat less glittering than that of the others, and he is more communicative.

"Right across the 'all," he says, and he points to the door of a room where you really do find the head book-keeper. If the place had not been pointed out to you you would likely have first stumbled by mistake into the den of the head cashier or into the lair of the chief steward.

When you have registered you get a sort of identification card on which is the date, your name, and the number of your room. This you take to the First Lord of the Key-rack. He is the one you spoke to first, and he gives you a key, but no gong sounds and there is no cry of "Front!"

You have to search for the lift, then go up to the floor designated on your card, and then if your explorations are successful you may find a chambermaid who will show you your room, after which she will slowly retire, her gait plainly indicating that she would not be averse to accepting sixpence.

It is just as difficult to get away from the hotel as it is to arrive. After your trunk is packed and you are ready to pay your bill you will be lucky if you get your bill paid and your luggage on the cab inside two hours.

Last time I was at the Metropole it took me just

three hours—aided by numerous shillings and half crowns—to persuade an army of idiots and pirates to take my money and get my trunks to the door. I had to get my bill made out by the book-keeper, who said I should have notified him the day before. I had to take it to the head cashier who had to send out to buy a revenue stamp to put on it before he dare receipt it. I had to deposit my key with another fellow, swear at the Grand Janitor of the laundry about a missing lot of overdue shirts, and speak many times, in anything but soothing tones, to the porter about the bringing down of my luggage.

The exasperating thing about all this is that these wretches will not get angry. You may pour sarcasm on the cashier and he will only grin while he hands you your change half a sovereign short. You may tell the book-keeper without reserve what you think of his imbecility and he will not say a word but will quietly charge you another one-and-six for extra attendance. Anathematize the porter in your choicest South Dakota language and he will say, "Thank you, sir," and then go over to his assistant at the freight lift and whisper, "John, you needn't break your bloomin' art a 'urryin' down that Yankee bloke's bloody luggage."

They charge you tuppence for a sheet of writing paper and an envelope, they direct you to the post-office if you want a stamp, and send you to a stationer's if you ask for a string or a sheet of wrapping paper. They have not sense enough to keep guests' letters arranged alphabetically in pigeon holes. They are all kept in one bunch, and the key-clerk who has them in charge has to look through the whole lot when you inquire if there are any letters for you.

I was with Major Handy when for three days he inquired for letters several times daily, and never got any until at last he grabbed the package of letters, looked through them, and found several addressed to himself. The clerk explained that he "thought the name was Andy." You might board at the Metropole for several weeks and no one connected with the establishment would know your name. If a visitor calls to see you his card goes from the porter to the book-keeper, who puts your room number on it and sends it to the key-clerk, who after glaring at it as if he suspected there might be a rule against admitting it, hands it to a boy in buttons, who pockets it until he accumulates enough other cards to justify him in making a trip upstairs.

What I have said about this hotel and its management is no exaggeration of a fact. That these things should be—considering that the Metropole is almost wholly supported by American travelers—is a wonder to every new arrival, but the managers seem to make no effort to improve matters and continue to act as if they thought they had nothing to learn.

Don't go to the Metropole if you want the comforts and attention you are accustomed to in American hotels of even the second class, but go to one of the small hotels. There are scores of them. In them you will receive all the attention you could desire or expect. You will not be known by a number but by your name, and you will not fail to find some one who seems to consider it his duty to "welcome the coming and to speed the parting guest."

J. ARMOY KNOX.



ONE DOLLAR-FORTY PROFIT.

MR. HAYSEED—Two dollars for that little book? Why, I kin git one twice as big down the street for seventy-five cents!

CLERK—Mein friendt, I haf shoost vot you vants—five big Government Reports it will take you ten years to read. Take the lot for a dollar-and-a-haluf.

A LECTURE ON ECONOMY.

A stupid looking tramp knocked at the door of one of the finest residences in Yonkers, and was received by the lady of the house.

"What do you want?"

"Please mum give me a dime to buy a glass of bread—'scuse me, I mean a loaf of beer."

"I haven't got any money."

"Haven't got any money? Then, madam, I would suggest that you move into a cheaper house; you are evidently living beyond your means. Economy is wealth. Economize in the matter of clothes and house rent. Cut your expenses, and then, perhaps, some day you will have a dime to spare—a dime, madam, that may be the means of preventing a hungry and thirsty fellow mortal from committing suicide; or it may be a quarter—a coin of the value of 25 cents—that will uphold the dark clouds on the horizon of his despairing soul with a silver-plated lining, and fill his stomach with imported beer. Good day, fair lady."

AND SHE WAS AHEAD.

A.—Jones and his wife are a pretty good-looking pair.

B.—Hm! They remind me more of a tandem team.



THE RED TERROR OF GOTHAM.

Stand back, ye lubber! If ye try to pinch me I will fill you full of lead. Bloody Bill has spoken. Beware!

SEND FOR THE SECRETARY.

Village Store-keeper (to his partner)—Things look pretty blue for us, partner. We have loaded up with too many goods.

Partner—Can't we get Secretary Windom to come to our relief?

same accident. Move before I lose my temper and assault you!"

"My complexion, sir is caused by my having been at the seaside. I was about to ask your clerk for some vaseline when you rushed up."

"Oh, is that what ails you?" asked the druggist, examining him critically. "Well, I hope you will pardon me, but I am not to blame. I have to look out for my own interests in this town. Whenever a man gets drunk it's just my luck to have him go to sleep right under my front window, and then the local papers denounce my soda water. This being a local option town, as soon as the papers make remarks the respectable element shun my place, and go to the drug store on the corner opposite. But say, I've got a little scheme. It just struck me. How would you like to earn a few dollars?"

"I am not able to do any work, and my circumstances do not require it, sir."

"You won't have to work. All I'll ask you to do in return for a fiver will be for you to go across the street to the rival drug store, drink large quantities of his soda, and then stand out in front of his place with that face and leer at the passers by. Every now and then get that eccentric gait of yours on and wobble up and down in front of his store. If you would consent to give a drunken whoop at intervals of ten minutes it would be worth fifty cents a whoop to you. Possibly you might consent to go to sleep under—You couldn't think of it? All right; I'll just get my clerk to make up on your style, and send him over. Much obliged to you for the idea. Good-day!"

HE FILLED TEETH.

Captain Jinks—Do you remember, Major, that infernal idiot in Dr. Toothyanker's office in Tombstone?

Major Shurtz—Dot feller vat vas tinkin' he would be a dentist von day?

Captain—Yes.

Major—He don't know enough to fill a hole in de ground.

Captain—But he finally succeeded in filling a whole set of teeth.

Major—My, my, ish dat so! How it vas?

Captain—He got a job in Snagg's saw-mill and fell on the buzz saw.

Major—Don't say a vord. Vaiter! zwie lager und a leetle rye bread und sweitzer.

PERHAPS THE BOY WAS GETTING LAZY.

Corner Groceryman—Is your little boy Johnny feeling well?

Mrs. Smith—Yes, I think so. Why do you ask?

O, nothing, only he passed here three times this morning and didn't snatch a handful of

beans or kick over a box, so I thought he must be ailing.

HE MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED.

SINGLE EYEGLASS (to his friend)—That elderly spinster in the choir has fainted. Overcome by the heat?

FRIEND—No; overcome by seeing Jones there, an old lover.

EYEGLASS—Foolish man! Why doesn't he take advantage of her insensibility and escape!

WHY HE MARRIED HER.

A.—How on earth did Blank, the dramatist, come to marry that old maid, Miss Dizzy?

B.—That's his business.

A.—But she is an awful scold, a regular termagant. They have been fighting ever since the day they were married.

B.—Blank expected that.

A.—Why, then, did he marry her?

B.—To keep in practice. He's writing a stirring war drama, you know.

WHY THEY HUNG HIM.

Texas Man—By George, Jim Bludlet has been hung at last.

New Yorker—Who's Jim Bludlet?

Texas Man—Jim Bludlet! He's killed twenty-four men in his time.

New Yorker—What did they hang him for—killing another man?

Texas Man—Naw! He stole a hoss.

PROHIBITION AND THE SCHEMING DRUGGIST.

A man with fiery red face and a peculiar walk that imparted a zig-zag to his locomotion, entered a drug store in a local option town. He was about to speak to the clerk, when the proprietor, with fire enough in his eye to call out the fire department, rushed up and yelled excitedly:

"Here! you get right out o' here, quick! you miserable wretch!"

"Why, sir," exclaimed the intruder with unfeigned surprise, "what have I—"

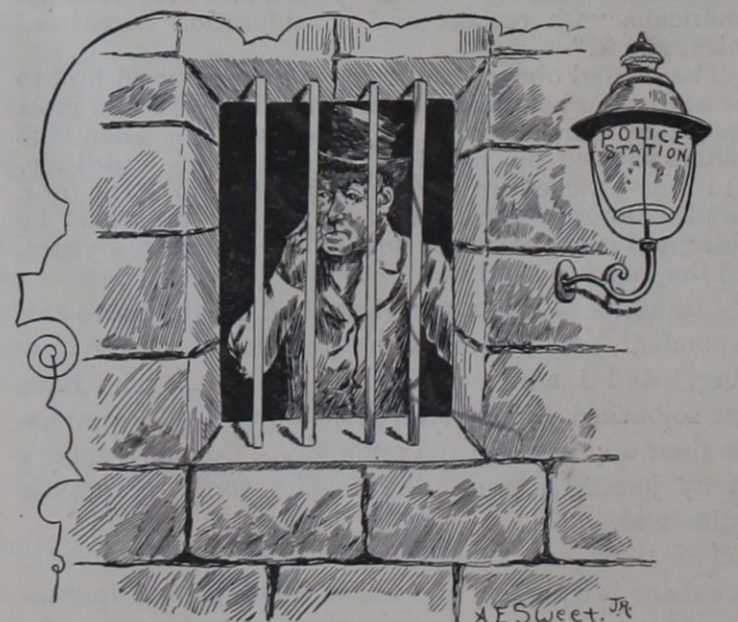
"Get out before I call the police. Hurry along now, you drunken beast, and don't you dare to stop for at least ten blocks."

"Don't shove me, sir! This is an outrage! I never drink a drop."

"It's a pity you can't make your legs believe that. Come, now, skip!"

"That, sir, is owing to an injury to my spine received in a railroad accident."

"I suppose you got those rum blossoms on your nose and that crushed raspberry complexion in the



A YOUNG NAPOLEON OF FINANCE.

YOUR BIOGRAPHY.



I AM FIRMLY convinced, gentle reader, that you have never had a fair shake in the shuffle of life; many men who don't know as much as you have forgotten have had their biographies written and sold by subscription to the toiling farmers and the delvers after coal, and you have gone cheerfully plugging along without even being mentioned by your local paper as a prominent citizen. Therefore it is meet that an humble chronicler should arise and take you by the hand and lead you from the quiet shades of obscurity into the electric light of fame; and I will do the best I can for you with the meagre data in my possession.

In the first place, you are a chump. I should like to write that you are a Moses of wisdom, an Epicurus of learning, and a general handy package of all things good and smart, but unflinching candor compels me to set you down as a chump. You are a chump because you got married, or you are a chump because you did not. You are a chump for being a Democrat, or else you are a chump for being a Republican. Whatever you do, wherever you are, wherever you live, you are a genuine root-grafted, hand-pruned chump, and you can't help it or change it, for it is an immutable law of nature, and all men are chumps. Also all women.

If it had not been for circumstances you would have been a great man, and your name would have gone thundering down the ages along with the fame of the matchless soaps and the peerless pills that you read of in every country that has a language. If you had just had a rap at building one of the Pacific railroads, there is no doubt in the mind of any sane man that you would have grown rich. If you had not had to hop a counter or drive a dray or peddle maps or do some other Plebeian thing to earn your bread, you could have written tragedies that would have knocked Shakespeare higher than a kite that belonged to a famous person whose name I cannot now recall; or you could have preached or acted or run for office like a house afire—and it is not your fault that you had to make a living.

When you were a very young man and used to go over to Smith's every other night and have Miranda chew your neck for four hours at a stretch, you gave promise of being a young man who would eventually set the Mississippi river on fire, and you would have done it, too, if so many things hadn't turned up to keep you busy in other directions. Maybe you never found time to go to the river, or maybe you married Miranda on the spur of the moment and a \$15 salary, and have never been able to leave your arduous occupation of paying your rent and buying bed-bug powder and meat.

If the fool people only knew enough to appreciate the merit that you carry around hidden under your hat, you would be a mighty man. Your newspaper is unquestionably the best, (that is, if you run one) and it would have a circulation of a million, and more advertising than you could keep track of if people only had the same good opinion of it that you have; and your opinion ought to be the best, for you know the most about it. If you are a preacher and could only get people to accept your own opinion of yourself the Chicago Auditorium would not be big enough to hold your spellbound audiences; so it is clearly not your fault that you have to plug along and shave yourself and wear a winter coat in summer and a summer vest in winter, and never have enough ready money on hand to buy a ticket to a charity ball.

But there are some important epochs in your life, that I, as your biographer, cannot fail to mention.

First, you were born. That was perhaps the most important thing that ever happened you. As far as you are concerned, there was no world before that time. Historians may be correct in stating that the world was made before Maggie Mitchell began playing girl parts, but the only world you know of was begun for you on that day when you were ushered into existence, a slight bath and red flannel skirts. The world began its course of maltreatment to you on that very day; it ought to

have stopped revolving and greeted your advent into history and trouble by a rattling old celebration and ox-roast, but it just selfishly went plugging along about its own business and left you to be looked after by an old granny of a doctor and a few of the neighbor women. You were born too late or too soon. If you had been born a few centuries ago you might have discovered America, or defeated Napoleon, or founded Rome, or invented printing or written Homer's poems, but those things were all done before you got here and all there was left for you to do was to take your advertisements out of the papers and cuss the town you live in. Or if you could have been held in reserve for a century or two it might be that you would have come to earth fraught with a new political theory for the emancipation of women, or with an invention to keep trousers from bagging at the knees, and then, as Bill Johnson of Talleysrand, Iowa, frequently aptly said, "there you would be."

It may have been an important epoch in your life when you got married, if you have ever run up against anyone fool enough to marry you, but as that institution and its results are largely controlled by the Chicago divorce courts and a higher power I will leave it out.

The next most important thing that will happen you will be when the silent horseman beckons you across the shadowy waters. Then the people who have always bilked you, and imposed upon you, and cheated you out of your hard earned money, and put sand in your sugar, and lied to you to get your vote, and stacked the cards on you in poker, and cheated you in horse trades and generally treated you as though you had no sense or rights, will say, "Poor fellow; he was his own worst enemy. He might have been great, or rich, or famous, but he didn't improve his opportunities." And then they will go on neglecting to improve their own opportunities, your photograph will be enlarged and hung in a spare room upstairs, your daughter will marry the hired man, your house will be sold for taxes, your widow will hustle like a tree agent to get married again, and the sad old earth will go spinning down the grooves of change just about as it would have done if you had never honored it with a visit.

V. Z. REED.

HER PAPA'S PRIDE AND JOY.

First Papa—Well, did your daughter fare well during her season at Saratoga?

Second Papa—Oh, yes. She caught a millionaire for the family and she had several lovers to boot.



BEFORE THE BIRD STORE.

ISAAC—Where do parrots come from, I wonder?

JACOB (regarding the bird's beak)—Jerusalem, I guess.

THOUGHT HE WAS A VIOLINIST.

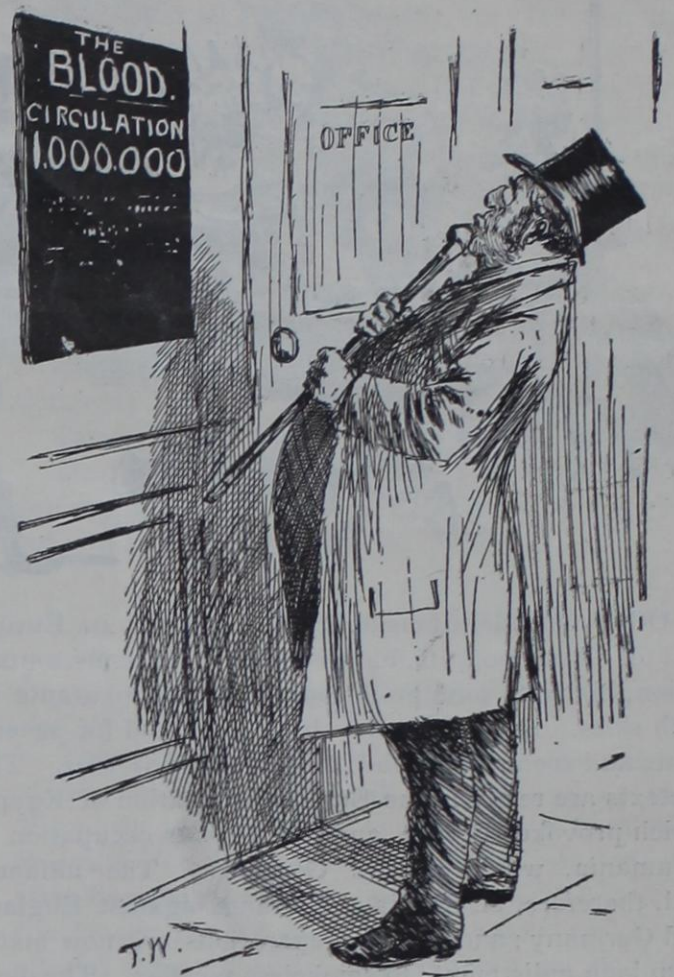
Mr. Lake Streete (on his first visit to London)—Say, cabby, what's that statue?

Cabman—That's the H'Albert Memorial, sir.

Mr. Lake Streete—Oh, yes; heard him play the fiddle last season, at home. The British must take more stock in him than we did.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

HOW DR. HARVEY DISCOVERED THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.



It was about 1628 that Dr. William Harvey, physician to James I. of England, discovered the circulation of The Blood. It happened in this way: The Blood was the title of a newspaper published in those days, that claimed an enormous circulation—about a million. It was devoted to everything that had blood in it—blooded stock, blooded horses, blooded dogs, bloody noses, and all the bloods in town read it. The ethics of the profession did not forbid doctors to advertise in those days, and Dr. Harvey, being an enterprising physician, had his card in all the leading newspapers. He wanted to put it in The Blood, but he doubted the truth of its boasted circulation. He determined to satisfy himself before investing, so he bribed the man who had charge of the mailing department to tell the truth about it, and it was thus that Dr. Harvey discovered the circulation of The Blood. We make this explanation in the interest of historical accuracy.

BE CAREFUL.

Human life and its products are dependent so immediately and so much upon little things for their harmony and advancement, their health and happiness, that it behooves us all to beware constantly. If a little bone maintains its position in our throat, we may gurgle and die; if a little elevator rope breaks, we may be lifted off the earth. If our contributors are not careful of their English—well, a basket full of wasted time and crumpled hope is resting near our feet. Some one sent us in a story the other day and these are a few of his hilarious blunders of construction:

"Many a man like Terwilliger has achieved fame as a sculptor by first learning to carve himself."

"Terwilliger needed a housekeeper and answered the advertisement of a young woman who wanted washing."

"Terwilliger was just putting a head on his Jupiter as Chromo Fordolla entered."

"Fire, that awful night, destroyed the studio and all the contents of Mr. Terwilliger."

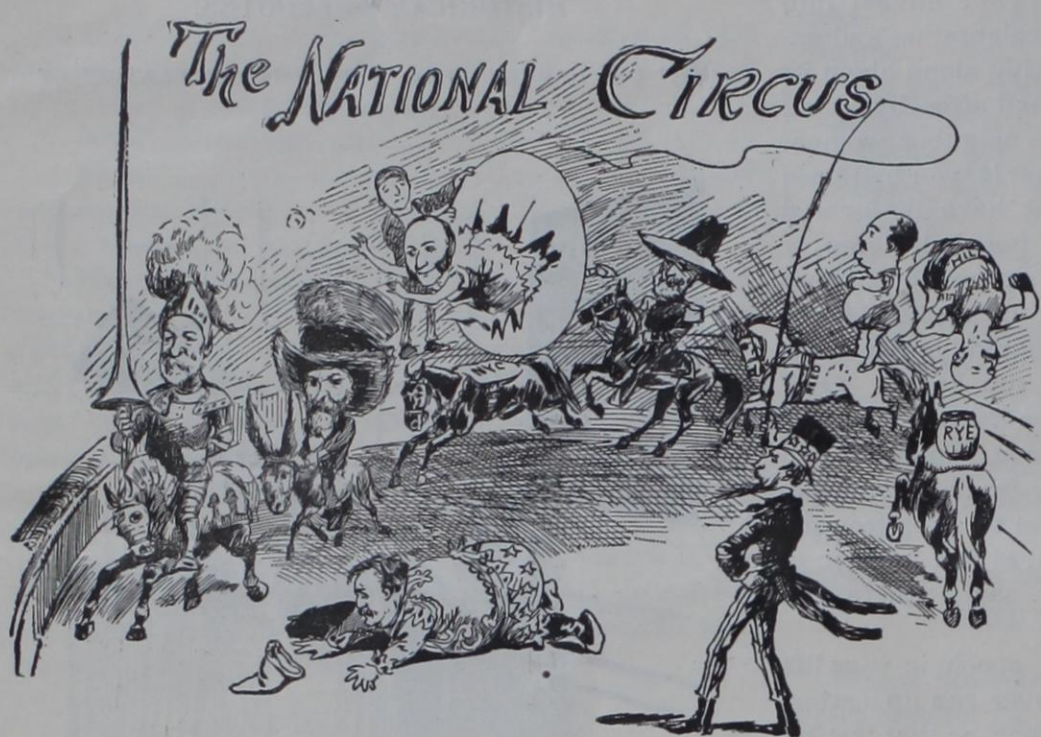
A LAPSUS.

Teacher—How does the earth absorb water?

Pupil—Same as a dog does.

Teacher—How's that?

Pupil—Haven't you heard of a lap of earth? What do you suppose it laps with?



Other considerations apart, a great war in Europe will fill all our pockets, as we shall supply arms, ammunition, blankets and provisions to the combatants on both sides. Such a war has been predicted for several years and seems to be due in the spring of 1891. The pretexts are ready in the English occupation of Egypt, which provokes France, and the Russian occupation of Roumania, which annoys Germany. The alliances will, therefore, be Russia and France against England and Germany; and all the preparations are now made, from long enlistments to smokeless powder. The daily papers have missed the point of the recent visit of the Kaiser to the Czar. Not only did the Czar treat the Kaiser as a mere flighty boy, with whom it was absurd to talk about high politics, but he spoke French, instead of German, on all possible occasions, and gave the formal toasts at the royal dinners in French, against which language the Kaiser has a thorough boyish prejudice. This straw showed the wind from the cannon; but when the Czar politely refused to allow the Kaiser to attend the Russian military maneuvers and sent a special invitation to the attaches of the French legation, the cannon itself was disclosed. This was as much as to say "My army, with the assistance, of France, is soon to be used against you; and, therefore, I cannot permit you to study its maneuvers." American merchants should not omit to take this pregnant hint into consideration when preparing for the spring trade.

Our weather prophets, whether employed by the government or the newspapers, have become laughing-stocks. They failed to predict either the beginning or the end of the recent great storm. They cannot foretell cyclones until after the fact. When they announce fair weather, everybody carries an umbrella; and, when they call for local rains, everybody is sure of sunshine. What puzzles them most is that the great storm which deluged us was quite as severe in central Europe, thus knocking out all their pet theories. Ever since we lost "Old Probabilities," our weather prophets have hardly been right once.

Any amount of money can be raised in this country to relieve a famine in Ireland. At the suggestion of TEXAS SIFTINGS, a committee has already been formed, with such true friends of Ireland as Eugene Kelly at the head of it, ready to appeal for contributions the moment the expected famine becomes a reality. But it is doubtful whether any more money can be obtained here to pay Irish members of Parliament for selling out the independence of Ireland to further the ambition of English politicians. Dillon and O'Brien have been arrested upon charges of criminal conspiracy, on the eve of their departure for this country. The Tories have thus made another blunder. It would have been better to let O'Brien and Dillon come and give a public account of their stewardship. Now it is said that Mr. Parnell will come in the place of these gentlemen. But the Irish in America are not fools, and they no longer care much for a leader who leaves his aged mother to starve, and who is on trial for seducing another man's wife. The figures of the Parnell Defence Fund, subscribed to pay the costs of his lawsuit with the Times, show the American estimation of him. The total amount raised was \$210,000, of which \$140,000 came from "poor" Ireland, and only \$3,110 from America. These figures are trumpet-tongued as to the expediency of sending Mr. Parnell here upon a financial mission.

The Boucicault scandal is to be revived. On one page of the newspapers we read that Mrs. Dion Boucicault is overcome with grief, confined to her room, unable to see anybody; and, on the next page, that Mrs.

in that splendid trio, "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue" and the Shaughraun," have never been equaled. The good which he did in making Ireland known and loved is incalculable. Had he died in the height of his fame, his memorial services would have eclipsed those of John Boyle O'Reilly, and great men from all parts of the world would have attended his obsequies. But, as time passes, the memory of his faults will disappear and only his talents, which closely approached genius, will remain with us. The two ladies who claim to be his widows should remember this and settle their disputes quietly out of court.

All the girls of the Orphan Asylum, at Liverpool, must by this time be supplied with sealskin sacques, diamond ear-rings and pianos in their bedrooms, and all the old salts of the Liverpool Home for Mariners must have gold watches, silver-mounted crutches and fur-lined pea-jackets. There are at least six first-class ocean steamers leaving New York every week, and as many on the other side—say twelve in all. An average of \$100 each for the concerts given on board these steamers is a very low estimate. Now, \$1,200 a week amounts to \$62,400 a year, and the old mariners and orphans of Liverpool have been receiving this annual sum—and more—for upwards of ten years. Probably \$1,000,000 would be nearer the amount paid by American passengers for these charities, and yet we are told that more money is needed. Who, then, gets the cash contributed on the steamers? Who pockets half or three-quarters of it before it reaches the old tars and the children? No accounts are rendered, and the captains vehemently oppose the plan of dividing the money between American and English charitable institutions. They are English captains, on English steamers, and they hold on to every penny with bull-dog tenacity. Next summer, the Americans who give their services and their money to make these concerts profitable should refuse to have anything more to do with them unless the receipts are fairly divided and properly accounted for in both countries.

The unveiling of the statue of Horace Greeley was a private affair. Invitations should have been sent to the leading men of the country and to the representatives of all the other papers; but the Tribune staff preferred to keep the celebration to themselves. They had paid the money for the statue and they had their choice. Gladstone himself would have crossed the ocean to deliver an oration upon Horace Greeley; but the Tribune managers stuck to their principle of protection to American industry and selected Chauncey Depew. He delivered a magnificent address—perhaps the greatest effort of his life—but it was interrupted by the brass band of the Italian paraders. During his lifetime, Greeley was often ridiculed as a crank; but that crank turned out one of the foremost men of America. He had his faults; but his virtues outshone them. We forget that he once wanted to yield to the Rebels, and we remember his "On to Richmond." We forget that he allowed himself to become the Presidential candidate of the party which he had opposed all his life, and we remember only his record as an opponent of human slavery and an advocate of protection to American industries. It is not true, as Marc Antony says, "the evils that men do live after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." On the contrary, a man's errors die with him, and his good deeds spring eternally from his grave, like the lovely flowers. The first statue of Greeley is now an advertisement for the Tribune office. The next will be erected in some public place and belong to the whole American people—as Greeley did.

Garibaldi's birthday fell on a Saturday, this year, and the Italians decided to celebrate it and the erection of the new Home for Italians simultaneously. Of course they invited the Mayor of New York to review their procession. The Mayor is a candidate for re-election in November, and the invitation bothered him. There is the Italian vote; but there is, also, the Irish vote, and the Irish are, to put it mildly, not friendly to the Italians who are crowding them off the street-corners and out of the railroad and other diggings. The Irish vote being larger than the Italian, the Mayor sent a regret that important business would deprive him of the honor of reviewing the procession at Union Square. He forgot, and his somewhat inexperienced private secretary did not remember, that the Italians are divided into two factions, the Rivas and the anti-Rivas, just like the local Democracy. Consequently, while the Mayor was enjoying himself, at the City Hall, chuckling at the tact with which he had dodged the Union Square review, bang! boom! tra la, la! came the other Italian procession across the City Hall Park; caught sight of Mayor Grant through the window, and began to shout, "Viva! Ecco! Viva!" The Mayor fled through a back door; but too late to save himself and placate the Irish. It was a great day for Italy.

The returns of the post-office department show that it is impossible to manage a mammoth store in Philadelphia, a Sunday-school and a Cabinet office, at the same time, satisfactorily. Six millions of letters have been lost in the mails during the past year. Think of what this means in business and social engagements broken and in the delayed family and friendly news that maketh the heart sick. The direct money loss is not inconsiderable. It amounts to about \$60,000. It is not humanly possible that, even in so large a country as this, 20,000 letters can go astray every day, if the post-office department be properly managed. The official report says that these letters are misdirected, unsealed or without addresses. We have a bureau to decipher misdirected letters; a few clerks could easily seal those that come unsealed, and thousands of dollars a year are paid to detectives to trace and return letters unaddressed. That 20,000 a day should escape them is too much for expert clerks. I have just seen one of these stray letters. It was addressed to Madison street and was intended for Madison avenue. Before going to all the trouble and expense of sending it on to Washington to be examined, after it was refused in Madison street, would not any ordinary business man say, "Try the same number on Madison avenue?" It is this want of ordinary common-sense in the conduct of public business that makes our government departments so expensive and so inefficient.

THE RINGMASTER.

"Will man ever fly?" is the title of an article going the rounds. An energetic woman with a broomstick could answer that in the affirmative.



A NEEDY BABY.

DISREPUTABLE LOOKING OLD MAN (in World office)—If there is any of the Sick Baby Fund left I want some of it.

CLERK—What baby do you want it for?

For myself. I'm sick.

Call yourself a baby?

Yes; that's what my wife used to call me.



NOT VEAL.

MR. LOWCUT—Do you see how everybody bows to that rich old banker? How people worship the golden calf!

CRUSHHAT—Calf! Humph! He looks more like beef.

COL. BLIZZARD'S ADVICE ABOUT "GALS."

OFFICE OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER, A WEEKLY DEVOTED TO THE BLIZZARD FAMILY AND THE GRAND OLD REPUBLICAN PARTY.

INDIAN DELL, Dak., Sept. 25, 1890.

EDITOR SIFTINGS:—Ez your paper percolates pretty gineraly thro' the country, I am moved to send you some correspondence which it wuz not long ago my good fortun' to hev with a young man down thar in the pesky and effete East. My reason fer sendin' the letters to ye is thet my wife sez do it. And when a man hez ez good a woman ez I hev, whatever she sez goze. I ain't hankerin' fer fame, nuther. My wife sez thet thar's some good stuff in the correspondence, and I think myself thet when a man gits a good idee, a dang good idee, one thet'll help take the bandage off at least one eye of that meek and bootiful maiden, Trooth, he better spread the idee jist ez fer ez he ken.

The question is, hez he got that dang good idee? Who's to say? It's you this time, Brother SIFTINGS.

This is the letter the young man down East sent me:

Col. Blizzard, Editor Schooner:

DEAR UNCLE:—I am in doubt about choosing between two girls. My mother (your sister) has advised me to write to you for advice. She says it is moral advice I want, not legal.

As you may remember, I am a young man now, about eighteen years old, and I have some of the instincts of human beings raised in the East. You know that dad was always eyeing the pretty girls or pinching their arms. Whose fault is it, then, if I am his son and have two girls?

One of the girls is good in spelling and housekeeping, and the other is good in composition, music and flirting. She goes somewhere nearly every night because she is jolly and can dance. (You were something of a dancer, you know, once, and ma says you used to say that a girl who couldn't dance wasn't worth the powder to blow her up). Both young girls are good-looking, the one last mentioned being the better.

What shall I do? If I am at all able to interpret my own feelings I yearn for that good dancer. But I, of course, know what all the folks say about that kind of a girl. I like fun. The good girl is rich and religious.

Please answer this at your convenience, and meanwhile I'll continue a friend to both.

Your affectionate nephew,

LARRY DEANE.

My reply to the above wuz ez follows:

Glad to hear from you, Larry. How's the folks? Hez Kate, your ma, got any more boys? And hez she ez much trouble with the salt rheum ez ever? Give my regards to all and some particular love to Kate and her boys.

Your Uncle Blizzard is a putty good man to write to about gals, fer in his day he hez known many to speak to and he hez ben a close stewart of human natur' ez she is. In my wild oats days I wuz caught in jist sech a box (ez they say at a hoss race) ez you are in, jist sech a box exactly. It seems but yisterday I was loosin' sleep and walkin' round most of the night

in the back yard. I'd swear one minute thet I'd fire the frisky one. Then I'd think ther wuz no use livin' humdrum all the time. Life wuz too short. Then I'd think of the frisky one gettin' a nuther feller on the sly. Then I'd swear agin. Well, arter I hed gin the matter about all I had of breath, etc., fer two months, I suddenly discovered that the good girl, arter a feller got acquainted with her, wuz jist about ez lively ez they make 'em. And she could dance like a house afire when she got ready. She had lots of fun in her but it wuz anchored, my boy, it wuz anchored solid as the rock of ages. She wuz ez frisky ez a kitten, but she had an eternal grip on thet friskiness.

Now I ain't goin' to say another word, my boy, not another word, except thet I married thet good girl, and now she's runnin the Schooner while I'm runnin fer Congress.

Don't ever tie to one of them pawed-over gals.

Marry a good girl and arter I'm elected I'll make you my private secretary. Ef you wuz bigger I would get you appointed minister to Bulgária.

Your uncle,

HORACE GREELEY BLIZZARD.

UNCLE SAM AND THE PENSIONS.

There seems to be absolutely no limit to the number of people who were injured, in one way or another, during the war, and for whose sufferings in mind, body or estate Uncle Sam has to pay. The gang of prowlers after back pay seems to be receiving reinforcements continually; and it is our opinion that the most of these alleged sufferers who are advancing on the treasury with the intrepid tread of a mule approaching a peck of oats, were never in the war at all.

What use, we ask, was there in saving the country, if we are subsequently to be bankrupted by pensions to everybody who was remotely connected with the Federal army? Is the country never to get through paying off the debt of obligation? We are reminded of the unfortunate invalid who was saved from death by an extortionate doctor, who almost brought on a relapse by presenting a bill of almost unheard of dimensions.

"What sense was there in saving my life," exclaimed the unfortunate patient, "if you are going to worry me to death with your bill just as I am beginning to convalesce?"

In this case Uncle Sam is the unfortunate patient, and the pension shark the doctor.

IN A SECOND-HAND STORE.

Blinks—Do you think I'd wear a coat like that?

Moses—All right, shentleman. Ve've got something cheaper down stairs in the cellar.



ISSUES LIVING AND DEAD.

JOHNSON—I'd hab yo' know, sah, dat my dad's ole massa war a Colonel on de side ob de Souf. I comes from a good family, sah.

JACKSON—Huh! An' my pap worked fo' a Union General, sah! What you say to dat?

YALLERBY—Gen'l'men, de wah am ober; but if dis game's delayed any longer. I'se goin' ter grab de stakes an' light out!

THE TAKING OF LUNGTUNGPEN.

So we loosed a bloomin' volley,
An' we made the beggars cut,
An' when our pouch was emptied out,
We used the bloomin' butt,
Ho! My!

Don't yer come anigh,
When Tommy is a-playin' with the baynit an' the butt.
—Barrack Room Ballad.



RIVATE MULVANEY, my friend, told me this, sitting on the parapet of the road to Dag-shai, when we were hunting butterflies together. He had theories about the army, and colored clay pipes perfectly. He said that the young soldier is

the best to work with, "on account av the surpassing innocinse av the child."

"Now, listen!" said Mulvaney, throwing himself full length on the wall in the sun. "I'm a born scutt av the barrack-room! The army's mate an' dhrink to me, bekase I'm wan av the few that can't quit ut. I've put in sivinteen years, an' the pipe-clay's in the marrow av me. Av I cud have kept out av wan big dhrink a month, I wud have been a hon'ry lift'nint by this time—a nuisance to my betthers, a laughin'-shtock to my equils, an' a curse to meself. Bein' fwhat I am, I'm Privit Mulvaney, wid no good-conduc' pay an' a devourin' thirst. Always barrin' me little frind Bobs Bahadur, I know as much about the army as most men."

I said something here.

"Wolseley be shot! Betune you an' me an' that butterfly net, he's a ramblin', incoherent sort av a divil, wid wan oi on the quane an' the coort, an' the other on his blessed sifl—everlastin'ly playing Saysar an' Alex-andrier rowled into a lump. Now, Bobs is a sinsible little man. Wid Bobs an' a few three-year-olds, I'd swape any army av the earth into a *jhairun*, an' throw it away afterward. Faith, I'm not jokin'! 'Tis the bhoys—the raw bhoys—that don't know fwhat a bullet manes, an' wudn't care av they did—that dhu the work. They're crammed wid bull-mate till they fairly *ramps* wid good livin'; and thin, av they don't fight, they blow each other's hids off. 'Tis the trut' I'm tellin' you. They shud be kept on *dal-bhat* an' *kijri* in the hot weather; but there'd be a mut'ny iv 'twas done."

"Did ye iver hear how Privit Mulvaney tuk the town av Lungtungpen? I thought not! 'Twas the lift'nint got the credit; but 'twas me planned the scheme. A little before I was inviladed from Burma, me an' four-an'-twenty young wans undher a Lift'nint Brazenose, was ruinin' our dijeshins thryin' to catch dacoits. An' such double-ended divils I niver knew! 'Tis only a *dah* an' a Snider that makes a dacoit. Wid-out him, he's a peaceful cultivator, an' felony for to shoot. We hunted, an' we hunted, an' tuk fever an' elephints now an' again, but no dacoits. Evenshualy, we *puckarowed* wan man. 'Trate him tenderly,' sez the lift'nint. So I tuk him away into the jungle, wid the Burmese interprut'r an' my clanin'-rod. Sez I to the man: 'My peaceful squireen,' sez I, 'you shquot on your hunkers an' dimonstrate to my frind here where your frinds are whin they're at home?' Wid that I introjuced him to the clanin'-rod, and he comminst to jabber; the interprut'r interprutin' in between, an' me helpin' the intilligence departmint wid my clanin'-rod whin the man misremimbered."

"Prisintly, I learnt that, acrost the river, about nine miles away, was a town just dhrippin' wid dahs, an' bohs an' arrows, an' dacoits, an' elephints, an' jingles. 'Good!' sez I. 'This office will now close.'"

"That night I went to the lift'nint an' communicates my information. I never thought much of Lift'nint Brazenose till that night. He was shtiff wid books an' the-ouries, an' all manner av thrimmin's no manner av use. 'Town did ye say?' sez he. 'Accordin' to the the-ouries av war, we shud wait for reinforcements.' 'Faith!' thinks I, 'we'd better dig our graves thin', for the nearest throops was up to their shtocks in the marshes out Mimbu way. 'But,' sez the lift'nint,

'since 'tis a speshil case, I'll make an excepshin. We'll visit this Lungtungpen to-night.'

"The bhoys was fairly woid wid deloight whin I tould 'em; an' by this an' that, they wint through the jungle like buck rabbits. About midnight we come to the shtrame which I had clane forgot to minshin to my orficer. I was on ahead, wid four bhoys, an' I thought that the lift'nint might want to the-ourize. 'Shtrip, bhoys!' sez I. 'Shtrip to the buff, an' shwim in where glory waits!' 'But I can't shwim!' sez two av thim. 'To think I should live to hear that from a bhoys wid a board-school edukashin!' sez I. 'Take a lump av thimber, an' me an' Conolly here will ferry ye over, ye young ladies!'

"We got an ould tree-trunk, an' pushed off wid the kits an' the rifles on it. The night was chokin' dhark, an' just as we was fairly embarked, I heard the lift'nint behind av me callin' out. 'There's a bit av a *nullah* here, soor,' sez I, 'but I can feel the bottom already.' So I cud, for I was not a yard from the bank."

"'Bit av a *nullah*! Bit av an eshtuary!' sez the lift'nint. 'Go on, ye mad Irishman! Shtrip, bhoys!' I heard him laugh; an' the bhoys begun shtrippin' an' rollin' a log into the wather to put their kits on. So me an' Conolly shtruck out through the warm wather wid our log, an' the rest came on behind."

"That shtrame was miles woide! Orth'ris, on the rear-rank log, whispers we had got into the Thames below Sheerness by mistake. 'Kape on shwimmin', ye little blayguard,' sez I, 'an don't go pokin' your dirty jokes at the Irriwaddy.' 'Silence, men!' sings out the lift'nint. So we shwum on into the black dhark, wid our chests on the logs, trustin' in the saints an' the luck av the British army."

"Evenshualy we hit ground—a bit av sand—an' a man. I put my heel on the back av him. He skreeched an' ran."

"'Now we've done it!' sez Left'nint Brazenose. 'Where the divil is Lungtungpen?' There was about a minute and a half to wait. The bhoys laid a hould av their rifles an' some thried to put their belts on; we was marchin' wid fixed baynits av coorse. Thin we knew where Lungtungpen was; for we had hit the river-wall av it in the dhark, an' the whole town blazed wid thim messin' jingles an' Sniders like a cat's back on a frosty night. They was frin' all ways at wanst; but over our hids into the shtrame."

"'Have you got your rifles?' sez Brazenose. 'Got 'em!' sez Orth'ris. 'I've got that thief Mulvaney's for all my back pay, and she'll kick my heart sick wid that blunderin' long shtock av hers.' 'Go on!' yells Brazenose, whippin' his sword out. 'Go on an' take the town! An' the Lord have mercy on our sows!'

"Thin the bhoys gave wan divastatin' howl, an' pranced into the dhark, feelin' for the town, an' blindin' an' stiffin' like cavalry ridin' masters whin the grass pricked their bare legs. I hammered wid the butt at some bamboo thing that felt wake, an' the rest come an' hammered contagious, while the jingles was jingling, an' feroshus yells from inside was shplittin' our ears. We was too close under the wall for thim to hurt us."

"Evenshualy, the thing, whatever ut was, bruk; an' the six-and-twinty av us tumbled, wan after the other, naked as we was borrun, into the town of Lungtungpen. There was a meelly av a sumpshus kind for a whole; but whether they tuk us, all white an' wet, for a new breed av divil, or a new kind av dacoit, I don't know. They ran as though we was both, an' we wint into thim, baynit an' butt, shriekin' wid laughin'. There was torches in the shtreets, an' I saw little Orth'ris rubbin' his showlther ivry time he loosed my long-shtock Martini; an' Brazenose walkin' into the gang wid his sword, like Diarmid av the Golden Collar—barring he hadn't a stitch av clothin' on him. We discovered elephints wid dacoits under their bellies, an', what wid wan thing an' another, we was busy till mornin' takin' possession av the town of Lungtungpen."

"Thin we halted an' formed up, the wimmin howlin' in the houses an' Lift'nint Brazenose blushin' pink in the light av the mornin' sun. 'Twas the most ondasint prade I iver tuk a hand in. Foive-and-twenty privits an' a orficer av the line in review order, an' not as much as wud dust a fife betune 'em all in the way of clothin'! Eight av us had their belts an' pouches on; but the rest had gone in wid a handful av cartridges an' the skin God gave him. They were as nakid as Vanus."

"'Number off from the right!' sez the lift'nint: 'Odd numbers fall out to dress; even numbers pathrol the town till relieved by the dressing party.' Let me tell you, pathrolin' a town wid nothing on is an expayrience. I pathrolled for tin minutes, an' begad, before 'twas over, I blushed. The women laughed so. I niver blushed before or since; but I blushed all over

my carkiss thin. Orth'ris didn't pathrol. He sez only: 'Portsmith Barricks an' the 'Ard av a Sunday!' Thin he lay down an' rowled anyways wid laughin'."

"When we was all dhressed, we counted the dead—siventy-foive dacoits besides wounded. We tuk five elephints, a hunder' an' sivinty Sniders, two hunder' dahs, and a lot av other burglarious thruck. Not a man av us was hurt—excep' may be the lift'nint, an' he from the shock to his dasincy."

"The headman of Lungtungpen, who surrinder'd himself, asked the interprut'r: 'Av the English fight like that wid their clo'es off, what in the wurruld do they do wid their clo'es on?' Orth'ris began rowlin' his eyes and crackin' his fingers an' dancin' a step-dance for to impress the headman. He ran to his house; an' we spint the rest av the day carryin' the lift'nint on our showlthers round the town, an' playin' wid the Burmese babies—fat, little, brown little divils, as pretty as pictures."

"Whin I was inviladed for the disent'ry to India, I sez to the lift'nint: 'Sorr,' sez I, 'you've the makins' in you av a great man; but, av you'll let an ould sodger spake, you're too fond of the-ourisin.' He shuk hands wid me and sez: 'Hit high, hit low, there's no plasin' you, Mulvaney. You've seen me waltzin' through Lungtungpen like a Red Injun widout the war-paint, an' you say I'm too fond av the-ourisin?' 'Sor,' sez I, for I loved the bhoys; 'I wud waltz wid you in that condishin through hell, an' so wud the rest av the men!' Thin I wint down-shtrame in the flat an' left him my blessin'. May the saints carry ut where ut shud go, for he was a fine upstandin' young orficer."

"To reshume: Fwhat I've said jist shows the use av three-year-olds. Wud fifty seasoned sodgers have taken Lungtungpen in the dhark that way? No! They'd know the risk av fever an' chill. Let alone the shootin'. Two hundher might have done ut. But the three-year-olds know little an' care less; an' where there's no fear, there's no danger. Catch thim young, feed thim high, an' by the honor av that great, little man Bobs, behind a good orficer 'tisn't only dacoits they'd smash wid their clo'es off—'tis con-ti-ental ar-r-r-mies! They tuk Lungtungpen nakid; an' they'd take St. Petersburg in their dhrasers! Begad, they would that!"

"Here's your pipe, sorr! Shmoke her tenderly wid honey-dew, after letting the reek av the canteen plug die away. But 'tis no good, thanks to you all the same, filin' my pouch wid your chopped *bhoosa*. Canteen baccy's like the army. It shpoils a man's taste for moulder things."

So saying, Mulvaney took up his butterfly-net, and returned to barracks.—Rudyard Kipling.

THE OLD WELL-SWEEP, FROM OVER TEACUPS.

I was driving with a friend, the other day, through a somewhat dreary stretch of country, where there seemed very little to attract notice or deserve remark. Still, the old spirit infused by "Eyes and No Eyes" was upon me, and I looked for something to fasten my thought upon, and treat as an artist treats a study for a picture. The first object to which my eyes were drawn was an old-fashioned well-sweep. It did not take much imaginative sensibility to be stirred by the sight of this most useful, most ancient, most picturesque of domestic conveniences. I know something of the *shadoof* of Egypt—the same arrangements by which the sacred waters of the Nile have been lifted from the days of the Pharaohs to those of the Khedives. That long forefinger pointing to heaven was a symbol which spoke to the Puritan exile as it spoke of old to the enslaved Israelite. Was there ever any such water as that which we used to draw from the deep, cool well, in "the old oaken bucket?" What memories gather about the well in all ages! What love-matches have been made at its margin, from the times of Jacob and Rachel downward! What fairy legends hover over it, what fearful mysteries has it hidden! The beautiful well-sweep! It is too rarely that we see it, and as it dies out and gives place to the odiously convenient pump, with the last patent on its cast-iron uninterestingness, does it not seem as if the farm-yard aspect had lost half its attraction? So long as the dairy farm exists, doubtless there must be every facility for getting water in abundance; but the loss of the well-sweep cannot be made up to us even if our milk were diluted to twice its present attenuation.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic.

WHAT BABY IS THINKING ABOUT.

Wife—What do you suppose baby is thinking about?
The Brute—I s'pose he's thinking what to cry about to-night.—Life.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
A Brain and Nerve Food,

for lecturers, teachers, students, clergymen, lawyers, and brain-workers generally.



THE burglar should not be turned away empty.—Dallas News.

THE very wealthy can can peaches this year. The rest of us cannot.—Boston Commonwealth.

WHEN a couple of tramps meet a bulldog, they usually "git together."—Broome Republican.

WHEN papers speak of "thunders of applause" do they have any reference to claps of thunder?—Washington Critic.

THE absent-minded professor, whose brute has just seized a passer-by—If I could only recall the dog's name!—Fliegende Blätter.

THE best way to preserve the modern bathing suit during the winter is to cover it with a postage stamp.—Boston Saturday Gazette.

ADAMS—"Well, Jones, been getting drunk again?" Jones (angrily)—"That's my business." Adams (pleasantly)—"So I understand."—Life.

Ef little boys make such a noise
"At 'folks can't hear their ears,"
Like gran'pa says, w'y n'en. I guess
They haint nobody hears!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

"I SEE that your Chinese servant has managed to pick up a good deal of English." "Yes; he walked away with my dictionary."—Galveston News.

"Is that good water?" asked a guest at a country hotel. "Of course," replied the proprietor. "It's well water."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A DEADWOOD (Dak.) paper says that a cyclone "touched" at that place, etc. This is the town out of which the cyclone pulled up the walls and cellars by the roots.—Dallas News.

AN Indiana couple were engaged for seventeen years, and three days after the marriage ceremony applied for a divorce. This is marrying at leisure and repenting in haste.—N. Y. Dispatch.

Last year she was a blonde; to-day
A bold brunette is she.
Age cannot wither nor decay
Her great variety.
—New York Sun.

THE New Bedford barbers have combined for an advance in prices. An advance upon "cut rates" in this profession is not without some possible advantages.—Boston Globe.

TREASURER, Knights of Labor—"This bill for carriage hire is too large; I cannot pay it." Stable-keeper—"You must. The walking delegates won't foot it."—Boston Saturday Gazette.

EDITOR SHACKLEFORD, of The Oglethorpe Echo, boldly asserts that he is never without soap. Well, there have been a great many changes since the war.—Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. Cumso (reading headlines)—"This is peculiar—'A Young Girl Robs the Mails.'" Cumso (brutally)—"Nothing strange in that—women are always robbing the males."—Boston Post.

Her husband called the new nurse "birdie,"
A trifle which was doubtless true.
His wife she happened to hear him at it,
And out the door the "birdie" flew.
—Brooklyn Times.

VERY soon the hum of the college boy—beg pardon, the college man—will be heard in the land. He not only knows how to hum himself, but also how to make things hum.—Boston Traveler.

A COUNTRY paper announces that eggs are picking up. This shows remarkable precociousness on the part of the eggs. About here they don't begin to pick up anything till after they have become chickens.—Broome Republican.

Two negroes pulled hair near Henderson, Ky., until two men, Putnam and McClune, were drawn into the whirling fracas. The men were both killed and all the hair extracted from the women. The ground for several acres around had the appearance of an enormous harvest of ripe corkscrews with fragments of burnt corks on them.—Exchange.

All lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion.

Tolstoi and Wanamaker.

Tolstoi, on most subjects, appears to be in accord with the founder of Christianity, with the Apostles, with the writers of the New Testament, and with the fathers of the church; and yet a Christian teacher of a Sabbath-school decides, in the capacity of Postmaster-General, that The Kreutzer Sonata is unfit to be carried in the mails.

Although I disagree with nearly every sentence in the Sonata, regard the story as brutal and absurd, the view of life presented as cruel, vile, and false, yet I recognize the right of Count Tolstoi to express his opinion on all subjects, and the right of the men and women of America to read for themselves.

As to the sincerity of Count Tolstoi, there is not the slightest doubt. He is willing to give all that he has for the good of his fellow-men. He is a soldier in what he believes to be a sacred cause, and he has the courage of his convictions. He is endeavoring to organize society in accordance with the most radical utterances that have been attributed to Jesus Christ, but the philosophy of Palestine is not adapted to an industrial and commercial age. Christianity was born when the nation that produced it was dying. It was a requiem—a declaration that life was a failure, that the world was about to end, and that the hopes of mankind should be lifted to another sphere. Tolstoi stands with his back to the sunrise and looks mournfully upon the shadow. He has uttered many tender, noble, inspiring words. There are many passages in his works that must have been written when his eyes were filled with tears. He has fixed his gaze so intently on the miseries and agonies of life that he has been driven to the conclusion that nothing could be better than the effacement of the human race.—Col. R. G. Ingersoll, in North American Review.

Man and Beef.

"Have you a tenderloin steak?" inquired a hungry man of a very fat ox.

"I have not," said the ox as he trembled and turned pale in his face.

"Your paleness belies your tongue," said the ravenous man as his mouth watered and he whipped out a butcher-knife with a keen, keen blade. "I will cut me one off of you," he said.

Then the poor ox realized that he was about to lose a piece of himself and dorst grow sick at the thought of blood.

"You cannot, butcher me alone," reasoned he, "and, besides, I have two old maid aunts and a grandfather to support. Could you make out on ox-tail soup?"

"That's what," said the famishing man as the ox wheeled himself around with his tail held straight out to be unjointed at the root.

It was not fly-time then.

* * * * *

It is fly-time to-day.

Observe the bob-tail ox with a million flies on him.—Dallas News.

Hot Springs, Arkansas,

The greatest winter resort and sanitarium in the world. All Eastern lines have now in effect a perpetual low round trip rate via the Iron Mountain route. For a new descriptive and illustrated book on Hot Springs, address any of the company's agents or H. C. Townsend, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, Missouri Pacific Railway, St. Louis, Mo.

Reasonable.

"He shouldn't say shoulder arms to those cavalrymen."

"Why not?"

"They have nothing but words. He ought to say shoulder blades."—New York Sun.

Most complexion powders have a vulgar glare, but Pozzoni's is a true beautifier, whose effects are lasting.

Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, or any of its symptoms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 85 Warren Street, New York City, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for curing Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and oftentimes fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe, as all Catarrhal and Bronchial affections can be cured at this time of the year in less than one half the time required in cold and severe weather. The timely use of this great recipe may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 85 Warren Street, New York.

Edison Forgets the Emperor.

The ideal American has been discovered. He is Thomas A. Edison. That he was the great unapproachable Yankee, has long been obvious, for the deepest secrets of nature he has guessed with an ease unparalleled. And now he has proved himself even more an American than he is a Yankee. He was over on the Continent a year and a half ago, it will be remembered, and was made more of than any quiet private citizen had ever been before. Royalty took him by the hand, and princes begged to be introduced. Among other attentions the Kaiser asked the inventor for one of his phonographs, which was duly promised.

It seems that young William set great store by this anticipated phonograph, and promised his friends a rare treat when it arrived. But months went by and the phonograph that was wanted never came. At last the Imperial Master of the Household, who in this country would be known as "Dan" or "Lige," wrote to Mr. Edison. On being interviewed recently by a reporter, the great electrician replied in his modest, matter-of-fact way:

"I had, it is true, promised to send a phonograph to the Emperor William, but the matter had slipped my memory."

The delightful, wholesome and exquisite Americanism of this need not be pointed out. Mr. Edison went on to say that now the matter had been brought to his attention, he would get up a very superior phonograph, and send it right over.

The Emperor is reported as being much incensed at this extraordinary neglect; but it is to be hoped that he will do himself no violence. He should remember that we are a very busy people over here, and that in the rush of affairs his imperial wishes are likely temporarily to be overlooked.—Boston Sunday Times.

Colorado Springs.

A handsomely illustrated book giving a complete description of America's greatest resort, Colorado Springs, its resources, business openings, chances for investment, etc., will be mailed free of charge by addressing Reed Bros., Real Estate Dealers, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Changed the Subject.

Fauntleroy Boy—"Mamma, wouldn't it have been grand to have lived in the good old times, and had a big castle on a hill, and robbed everybody who came near it, just like the brave barons I read about in that big book? I wish I could have been one!"

Mamma—"Hush! You shouldn't talk so."

Boy—"Can't I just think about such things?"

Mamma—"No, you sha'n't. Change the subject."

Boy—"Mamma, when is papa coming back to the city?"

Mamma—"As soon as his summer hotel closes."—New York Weekly.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c.; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowiness and Pimples from the complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

An Elephant's Kick.

Stowder's circus was showing in a town out west that was noted for its tough citizens. They were giving an afternoon performance, and the stalwart canvasman was hollering his usual "Out of the guy ropes there, out of the guy ropes!" when he ran up against a tough citizen, who was leaning up against the canvas sunning himself. He was a walking arsenal, and he struck terror into the canvasman. "Was yer talking to me?" was the tough's rejoinder. The now thoroughly frightened canvasman told him that it was for his own good that he told him to get outside, as the elephant might kick him. The tough said something about wiping out the whole show if the elephant so much as winked, and the watch went on his beat. The boss asked him a few minutes later if everything was all right, and he told him about his encounter with the tough. The manager went inside and awoke one of the hands, who stood 6 foot 3 in his stocking feet; told him to come along and bring a wooden mallet that was used for driving stakes. They went around inside to where the impression showed through the canvas, and the boss only had to point for the employé to act. Swinging the mallet around two or three times, he let drive at that part of the shadow immediately under the coat-tails. The tough shot about 10 feet through the air, and after alighting started on a run up the street. He was stopped by a man who asked him what was the matter. He said he didn't know himself. But he thought the elephant must have kicked him.—Detroit News.

A Man Content.

A cheerful, copper-colored young optimist from St. Lucia, West Indies, arrived here yesterday by way of Alabama, on the steamship Arecuna. He is Albert Detouch, eighteen years old, and the sublimity of his faith in the way the universe is run enlisted the hearts of Col. Weber and Johnny Simpson.

"If God gives me work at my trade," he said, "I will be content. If he does not give me work, then there will be no work for me to do, and I will still be content."

Albert is a blacksmith. He stowed himself away on the Arecuna, and had to sign articles and become a sailor for the voyage. Johnny Simpson is going to try to be an instrument of Providence. New York Sun.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

A Doubtful Compliment.

"What do you think of that?" asked Mahlstick, displaying his last picture.

"Why, that's not half bad, replied his critical friend.

"Umph! You could say the same of the devil."—Exchange.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.



A FIFTH AVENUE CARR.

Colonel William H. Carr, who came to the front in the Fifth Avenue Hotel thirty years ago, and has remained the leading hotel clerk of the country ever since, is about to lay down his pen and retire into a more private life. Mr. Carr can easily lay claim to having answered a thousand questions a day for 9,000 days, and that makes it clear that he has graciously given the information desired in or at least replied to 9,000,000 questions. Any man who has answered 9,000,000 questions with a smile deserves to be able to retire on a princely income. Forbearance is one of the rarest jewels of the earth. Thousands of the biggest bugs of the country will miss this Carr, for no man in the country has a wider acquaintance with public men. Mr. Carr is only fifty-four now, and consequently has twenty-five years before him for the enjoyment of life as becomes a good and faithful servant.

Angelo Meyers, a brother of the controller, has decided not to be a Bridge Trustee any longer.

Col. James Cavanagh of the Sixty-ninth Regiment says his command is just as chipper as ever.

General Sam Thomas may be considered a friend of Postmaster Van Cott, being on his bond for \$100,000.

When Contractor John D. Crimmins gets to be minister to Rooshia he will change his name to McGintyinski.

Colonel S. Van Rensselaer Cruger combines the execution of political and religious business with notable art.

John Simpson is trying to get a few subscribers for the Sun. It called him "the brick colored blood of the Sixth."

Will Police Commissioner John R. Voorhis succeed himself? If he does his successor will not be a County Democrat.

Charles W. Bogert and Dewitt V. Weed propose to be two of the best bowlers in Harlem this winter. Man proposes.

Jacob H. Simms is now a president, but not of a bank, and Major Henry R. Williams has new honors to carry around town every day.

Hans Beattie, Commissioner of Street Cleaning, when asked to resign recently simply gave the name of a popular local concert singer—Ida Klein.

Mortimer C. Addoms is one of the brightest Republican speakers in this town. His supply of ideas is as large as the supply of consonants in his name.

Dr. John Hall came home the other day on the Umbria, and we are glad of it. The city seems safer and thriftier when the wise and vigorous Doctor is in it.

J. L. N. Hunt, president of the Board of Education, believes in being useful as well as ornamental. He calls a substitute into his chair at Board meetings and

then gets right down on the floor to business.

L. A. Marks played the detective recently with success. He caught a man in about ten minutes whom the police have been trying to get for a month, and he did it just as easy.

T. H. S. Hamersly, the well-known publisher of the records of army and navy officers, will try to squeeze a Lemon—Pension Agent Lemon at Washington—in a suit about a copyright.

Assistant District Attorney John D. Lindsay does not think that women should be sent to the Island because they cannot speak English. Consequently he got a pardon for Mrs. Bastiano.

John Farrel, of the Custom House, and Frank P. Symonds, seem to be good and faithful servants. Collector Erhard gave them \$200 more a year each the other day to put in their inside pockets.

David Dunham Withers' latest big scheme concerns men more than horses. He proposed to build a splendid new hotel at his Monmouth Park race course. Be careful, whatever you do, Withers.

Treasurer H. L. Hotchkiss, No. 34 Wall street, of the Grant monument fund, may deny the report that the monument is still a want column, but he cannot deny that it wants the redemption of grace.

William Leary, the leader (political) of the XXIst District was called the other day by a paper, "a fighter at all hours of the day." This is unjust. Mr. Leary is simply a great and earnest stickler for truth.

John B. McGolrick, the reading secretary of Tammany Hall, has a voice that would excite the envy of a fog horn. The brave in the far corner of the hall never cries "louder" when McGolrick is talking.

Under Sheriff John B. Sexton ought to move. If he was not from the same district as the mayor he would be a strong candidate for sheriff. Thus he has his grave dug with the mayor for sexton.

Dr. Anton Palitschik, Austrian Consul here, appeals to his countrymen who have come to America and done well to assist in helping their countrymen who were recently made destitute by the floods in Austria.

Bernard Biglin is said to object to an ocean voyage chiefly because there is so much water about it. But he attended Col. Shepard's banquet informal, knowing that the Colonel had invited a friend to drink milk.

Commissioner Gilroy is determined that the city shall be inflicted no longer with the miserable pavement of its principal business street—Broadway. That's right, sir. It should be knocked higher than Gilroy's kite, sir.

Editor Wm. Cauldwell of the New York Mercury seems to be coming out of

his little tilt with Miss Braddon, the novelist, victorious. He says it was a case showing that even a good novelist can stoop to petty revenge.

Mr. Byrnes, formerly known as Inspector, is now Supervisor of the Honest New York Enumeration. New York counts are popular in Chicago restaurants. Hereafter only those marked "O. K. Byrnes" will be genuine.

Thomas A. J. Clemens, of No. 112 W. 27th st., is one of the most progressive of his race in the city. As president of the Colored Tariff Reform Association he recently informed Mayor Grant that he had been elected an honorary member.

Ex-Secretary Whitney walked through Delmonico's the other night, looking a picture of health and the model of metropolitan gentleman of wealth and understanding. Mr. Whitney's friends are a host, but he slaps few people on the back. That's the secret.

A former actor of Mr. Palmer's company recently made a hit. He followed John F. Donnelly, Mr. Palmer's business manager, and hit him over the head with an umbrella. Mr. Donnelly does not think the hit can be considered an artistic success, the actor being in jail.

Mr. Milholland, Contract Labor Inspector, at last accounts was in imminent danger of getting into a combat (words) with Colonel Elliott Ferdelance Shepard. Mr. Milholland had the audacity to ask the Christian Colonel how he could so easily break a commandment.

Captain Bussens, one of the most popular commanders of ocean steamers now conquering the Atlantic, was dined and wine recently in a way that greatly increased his respect for land lubbers. He has made 150 voyages across the Atlantic without an accident. He is Captain of the Trave.

Captain James Moddral is in town again, after a long absence, visiting relatives and old friends, particularly Mr. O'Neil, the well-known Sixth Avenue restaurateur. Captain Moddral lives on his ship, the Benvenue, in handsome style, and among his pets are some rare orchids and a monkey who makes a profound bow and insists on its being returned.

If you wish to find out whether taking a drink (too much) makes a man "physically unable" to vote, ask Frank T. Fitzgerald, William Bourke Cockran, Henry D. Parroy, Peter Mitchell or Charles Steckler. They have been named as the Braves who shall tell us what we do not know about the latest styles of exercising our right as free and independent American citizens.




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Better than a Gun.

A wee little girl an Bagg street was left at home for a few days with a maiden aunt as sole companion.

"Aren't you afraid of burglars?" was asked by a friend.

"No, I'm not. Aunt — is so blamed cross that there ain't a burglar in Detroit would dare to go near her."—Detroit News.

She Can Do It.

Nobody cares whether the inhabitants of Jupiter are transparent or not, as some of the star-gazers affirm; but it would be something of a godsend in the way of wisdom to understand by what process of vision a woman can see clear through a man weighing two hundred and forty pounds, with as much comprehension as she can look into a plate-glass window full of new bonnets.—Ram's Horn.

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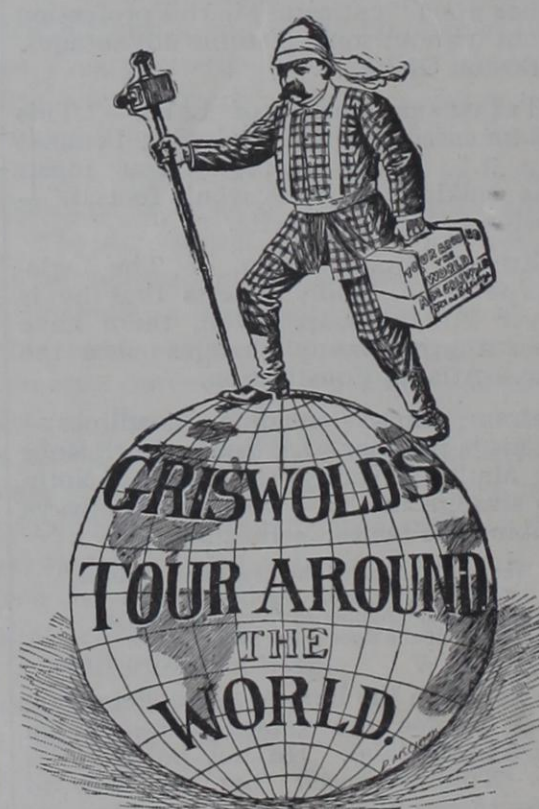
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Francis Wilson and August Belmont are both reaping rich rewards of wise, painstaking, artistic work. All work thoroughly done is artistic, for all true works of art are the result of patient attention to details as well as of sincere devotion to principles. The Belmont colts won the Futurity stakes, the richest offered to American turfmen, because of Mr. August Belmont's ability as a man and care as a breeder of horses. The "Merry Monarch," at a time when there is a plague of light operas, is winning the richest patronage which the people of New York give the plays offered them. It is a marked and unique improvement over every other new light opera of the season, it entertains with grace and it moves into history each night with a smoothness that is born only of wise, sincere effort and a belief that within all the waywardness and lightness of human nature there is a central spirit that hates a slovenly piece of work and rejoices deeply whenever it is able to say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." The whole refining and uplifting effect of a good thing excellently well done is immeasurable. And because that is true, Francis Wilson's comic opera made a hit instantaneously. SIFTINGS is more certain than ever, therefore, that merit wins yet, even in this giddy metropolitan life. Thousands of members of the dramatic profession are talking about the glutting of the desire of the public for comic opera, and they talk also dolefully of the failure of this, that and the other opera company to pay its salaries now, only a few weeks after the opening of the season. SIFTINGS is confident that low-browed, grasping speculation or some effort to give half of value received is the cause of each failure. Francis Wilson has his heart in his business, and moreover he has a heart of the proper sort. To the very best of his remarkable and unique ability he tried to create something that would be well worth the time and the money of his patrons. He presumed that true worth must ever win, and the result of all the work and presumption was the production of one of the best light operas extant, with a perfect presentation on the first night. The Merry Monarch is bright, it is beautiful, it is witty, it is odd, it is melodious, and it is, after all, of respect for truth and faithful to human nature. It breathes Francis Wilson with every breath, but that is all right, for Mr. Wilson is by no means a superficial or an unkind personality. The Merry Monarch and his merry company will leave us soon for many weeks. We commend His Majesty and suite to all who are practical advocates of the good that is in us.

Otero, the new Spanish dancer, is drawing crowds to the Eden Musee.

Hoyt's newest farce, A Trip to Chinatown, will soon make its appearance for the season.

Preparations for Poor Jonathan at the Casino are far advanced. Lillian Russell is much pleased with her part in it.

McKee Rankin presented the Canuck to big audiences of delighted Harlemites in Hammerstein's Opera House last week.

The Midgets at Niblo's will entertain

the whole German population of New York, evidently, before they leave that theatre.

Sara Bernhardt will appear first, in this country, in Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre. She will play La Tosca and Cleopatra with her own company from Paris.

E. H. Sothorn in the Maister of Woodbarrow is unostentatiously filling the Lyceum every evening. Mr. Sothorn has made the play and his part extremely popular.

Agnes Huntington's engagement at the Broadway, following the Merry Monarch, promises to be a fitting testimonial of esteem to one of the most talented of American girls. Miss Huntington is a beautiful blond and the best American Contralto.

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Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains, with Westinghouse Air Signals, between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, daily.

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Through Pullman Vestibuled Sleeping Cars, daily, between Chicago, the Yellowstone Park, Tacoma, and Portland, Oregon.

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A Bouncing Baby.

An associated press item from New York states that a baby carriage was rolled off the top of a five-story building at 203 South Fifth avenue and fell to the street, luckily remaining right side up and lodging upon a bale of rags where the carriage was shattered. The babe was bounced upward, caught in the arms of a young man and saved uninjured. Of course this may all be true, because there are some tough young ones in New York. It is unfortunate, however, that the reporter did not state whether the little darling was a girl or a boy. It was doubtless a bouncing boy of the Tammany stripe and with Mayor Grant for a godfather. It is a spring baby.—Dallas News.

Fooled the Preacher.

A precocious little rascal was noticed on Jefferson avenue the other day making his best endeavor to ring a door-bell just beyond his reach. A well-known minister happened along and, with the impulses of a good Samaritan, wanted to help the boy.

"Like to ring that bell, sonny?"

"Yes, sir; but I can't reach it."

The divine stepped to the veranda and gave the bell a vigorous pull, as he patted the interesting juvenile on the head.

"Now run like the devil!" shouted the kid as he shot down the street at top speed. All the man could do was to laugh at this deplorable bit of worldliness and make explanation when the call was answered.—Detroit News.

No Aid From Him.

Weedson (coming to the rescue of Smithson, who has been knocked down by a horse)—"Can I do anything for you, sir?"

Smithson (recognizing Weedson)—"No, thank God."—Yankee Blade.

The Art of Kissing.

Who gave the first kiss?

Probably Adam bestowed it upon Eve, but the first recorded osculatory salute is mentioned in the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis, where Israel kissed Jacob, supposing him to be Esau. The old Romans studied kissing as an art, but regulated the salute on the cheek or forehead. To kiss on the mouth was considered vulgar. Our British forefathers appeared to have been ignorant of the practice they have since so universally adopted, until the fair Princess Rowena, the daughter of King Hengist, of Friesland, went to Britain. There she gave the first lesson to Lord Vertigen by saluting him with a "husjen" (little kiss).

The oldest kissing story is probably that of the Hindoo herdsman, who was walking along the road with a iron kettle on his back, a live goose in one hand and in the other a cane and a rope, by which he was leading a goat. Presently a woman joined him, and they walked along together until they reached a dark ravine, when she shrank back, declaring that she was afraid he might kiss her by force there in the dark. The man explained by reason of his burden he could not possibly to do so. "Yes," said the woman, "but what is to hinder you from sticking the cane in the ground and tying the goat to it, and then laying the goose on the ground and covering it with the kettle? And then how could I help myself if you wickedly persisted in kissing me?" "Many thanks," said the man. "I never should have thought of that. You are an ingenious woman. May your ingenuity always succeed." So they went on until they reached the darkest part of the ravine. Then he stuck the cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, and put the goose under the kettle by the cane, and then he wickedly kissed the woman in spite of her resistance.—Exchange.

Suppressed by Legislation.

"Drop that!" yelled the barkeeper to a free-lunch fiend.

"Why?" asked the beat, as he let the sandwich fall.

"Sponges have been taken off the free list."—N. Y. Sun.

LEADING out of a Topeka hotel office is a room once devoted to a bar, and the words "This way to the bar" are painted on the door. At a late convention the room was occupied by the manager of a politician who had plenty of money to hand around, and a wag added an l to the sign, making it read, "This way to the bar'l."—Boston Traveler.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

Standard of Education.

According to Ruskin, an educated man ought to know these things: First, where he is—that is to say, what sort of a world he has got into, how large it is, what kind of creatures live in it and how, what it is made of, and what may be made of it. Secondly, where he is going—that is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this, what seems to be the nature of that other world. Thirdly, what kind of faculties he possesses, what are the present state and wants of mankind, what is his place in society, and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has his will so subdued in the learning of them that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, is educated, and the man who knows them not is uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.—N. Y. Ledger.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

"BRIMMER is starving, poor fellow." "Why, how does that happen?" "He's trying to live on his wits.—Boston Post."



EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

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Grasshopper Julep.

"I performed an experiment the other day," said a man, "which was undoubtedly cruel, but which was highly entertaining to me. I was sitting on my veranda sipping a mint julep, and had just placed the glass on a stand when a grasshopper coolly jumped into the glass. I left him there to enjoy the julep, as long as he had jumped my claim. He seemed to like the drink as well as most julep-drinkers do, and would dip one of his legs into the liquid and then place it in his mouth. Mr. Grasshopper repeated this operation until he began to get rather foolish. He was pretty groggy when I fished him out and set him down upon the smooth table. He tried to walk, but seemed to find this rather difficult. He was so drunk that I fancied I could see him leer at me. His attempts to hop were simply ludicrous. His feet went in all directions, and he finally rolled over as if to go to sleep. When he got up again he was unsteady on his legs, and gravely felt of his head. I took a drop of the julep on a piece of mint and placed it near his mouth. He turned from it in disgust and staggered across the table, falling to the veranda and making a wild attempt to keep in the air. My shouts of laughter brought out my wife, who declared that I was a brute, and took the drunk and disorderly grasshopper and carried him out into the grass, where, I suppose, he fell into a drunken slumber."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Jiboose.

"Jiboose" is the newest addition to the vocabulary of politics. The word is thus defined by the New York Sun: Ji-boose, *n.* A professed Democrat who is better and purer than his party, in his own estimation, and is loaded with a set of prize-package principles which can never be put into practice. There are several jibooses in New Orleans, just as there are many mugwumps and some bogomiles.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

The Utility of Beauty.

A grave warning to young women is furnished by an incident which has just occurred in a neighboring commonwealth. Unless girls are handsome they must abandon the ambition of teaching school in the State of Connecticut.

The heroine of the incident to which we refer is a young teacher from Youngstown, Ohio. Her story is told in the Boston Herald. She was engaged to teach in the State Normal School at New Britain, Conn., from now until after the Christmas holidays. She arrived at the school last week, was shown over the building and instructed as to the duties expected of her, and was directed to enter upon the performance of them on the next day. What followed is thus narrated by our esteemed Boston contemporary:

"That evening the principal sent a note to her sister asking to see her at once. The sister went, and was told that, after giving the matter some consideration, he, the principal, had decided not to keep her sister in the position for which she had been hired by the Board, but would pay her a month's salary and her expenses, and send her back home. The only reason assigned was that she was too 'homely,' as the professor expressed it. It is said by those who met her that, while she was exceedingly plain, she was of very engaging manners, and her fitness for the place was not and could not be questioned."

So it seems that in Connecticut they have no use for brains unless they are enclosed in a beautiful box. George Eliot would have starved to death in the Nutmeg State.—New York Sun.

Guying Her Unele.

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked: "Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.—Dunkirk (N. Y.) Advertiser.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Before yu give enny man advice, find out what kind ov advice will suit him the best.

Knowledge is like money: the more a man gits the more he hankers for.

The vices and phollies ov grate men are never admired nor imitated bi grate men.

The trew art of criticism is tew excuse faults rather than ridikule them.

We hav no more right to laff at a deformed person, than we hav at a crooked tree; both ov them are God's arkitekture.

Suavity ov manners towards men iz like suavity ov molassis towards flies: it not only calls them to you, but sticks them fast after they git thare.

Thare iz a grate deal ov charity in this world so koldly rendered that it fairly hurts; it iz like lifting a drowning man out ov the water bi the hair ov the hed, and then letting him drop on the ground.

Exchanging compliments iz another name for exchanging lies.

The greatest thief this world haz ever produced iz Procrastination, and he is still at large.

Religion iz nothing more than a chattel mortgage, excepted and rekordered, az sekurity for man's morality and virtew.

White lies are sed tew be innocent; but i am satisfied that enny man who will lie for phun, after a while will lie for wages.—New York Weekly.

She Saw Him Practicing.

"I think," said a Dwightville man to his wife, the other morning, "I will give up business and embrace some profession."

"I thought," returned the wife, sarcastically, "that you contemplated embracing something when I saw you practicing on the hired girl last night."—Toronto Truth.

Came Near Putting His Foot in It.

Mr. Backlot (on the way to church)—"See that burdock draggin' on Mis' Lonely's dress. I'm a-goin' to step on 't and pull 't off."

Mrs. Backlot (in horrified whisper)—"Don't tech it, Silas! Don't you know that widders had to wear weeds?"—St. Joseph News.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, applied externally, instantly stops all pains, whether arising from Colds, Sprains, Bruises, or any cause whatever. Stops Cramps, Stops Neuralgia, Stops Rheumatism, Stops Headache, Stops Toothache, Stops Lumbago, Stops Sciatica, Stops Backache, Stops Pains in the Chest, &c. Internally, a half of a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water, and applied according to printed directions.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

In the Soup.

Intelligent Compositor—"That new reporter spells 'victuals,' 'v-i-t-a-l-s.'"

Foreman—"Yes, he's fresh! mak'er right and dump'er in here—want to get to press in just three minutes.

And this is what the public read when the paper was issued:

*** The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the deceased came to his death from the effects of a gun-shot wound in the victuals.—Whiteside Herald.

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

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which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health."—Wm. H. DeLaucett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

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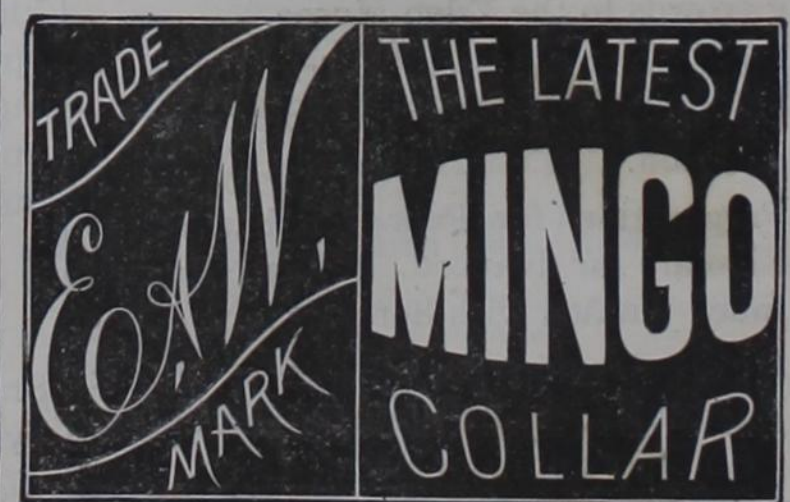
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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

TIME CHANGES.



The maiden at sweet seventeen,
Bewails her chaperone,
And wonders if she'll e'er be seen
Entirely alone.

This maiden fine at thirty-nine
Is utterly alone,
And now she'd give her head to live
With one dear chap-her-own.
—Frank Putnam, in Ashland Press.

WINGS.

"Oh, I am dying, dying!" said the worm.
"I feel thick darkness closing o'er my eye;
All things fall from me with my breaking sheath.
Good-bye, sweet leaf! O dear green world,
good-bye!"

Then the dull mask that had inclosed him fell
Still further. Oh, what lofty space, what light!
And, all about, what happy hovering things
Like blossom petals that had taken flight!

And fluttering, stretching on the air he spread
Great gauzy wings that let the sunshine
through;

Forgot that he had ever been a worm,
And far off in the strange new depths he flew.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas.

LOVE AND CARDS.

The youth and maiden sat alone
Upon the pebbled strand
Beside the sea, and in his own
He held her lily hand.

He gazed into her sapphire eyes—
"I love you, sweet," he said;
The maiden answered him with sighs
And blushing hung her head.

He pressed the hand so soft and white,
He kissed the dimpled chin.
And said, "If I played cards to-night
I know that I should win.

"You asked me why, you shall be told;"
He pressed the fingers white;
"I know I'd win because I hold
A lovely hand to-night."
—Boston Courier.

BROTHERS.

Spider,
At my window spinning,
Weaving circles wider, wider,
From the deft beginning.

Running
Rings and spokes until you
Build your silken death-trap cunning,
Shall I catch you, kill you?

Sprawling,
Nimble, shrewd as Circe,
Death's your only aim and calling,
Why should you have mercy?

Strike thee?
Not for rapine willful,
Man himself is too much like thee,
Only not so skillful.

Rife in
Thee lives our Creator.
Thou'rt a shape to hold a life in.
I am nothing greater.

—George Horton.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Jay Gould's Daughter.

In a Fifth avenue stage an old and meanly-dressed woman unconsciously made the ride merry for three showy and fashionably-attired damsels. First she fumbled in her rusty skirt a long time trying to find her pocket; then she thrust her hand through an unexpected slit in her gown instead of the supposed pocket, and the look of intense dismay on her face as she imagined some villain had cut off that pocket sent the young women into convulsions of silent laughter. Soon the poor creature recovered herself, renewed the search and found the pocket. Removing a handkerchief, a snuff-box and a pair of cotton gloves, she at last produced the shabbiest pocketbook ever seen, causing a great number of nods and becks and wreathed smiles from a trio of observers.

Then she fumbled a long time with the fastenings of her treasury; these finally undone, she took out a brass thimble, a troche, a spool of twist, a section of a paper of pins, and last the solitary nickel it contained. Then she peeped about for the proper place to deposit the nickel. None seemed to have been provided. The honest creature got on her feet, and the thimble, the troche, the twist and the snuff-box tumbled to the floor, the pins sticking, like an old friend, to her skirt. Heedless apparently of this disaster, she potted about the wall behind her seat, pressing her trembling fingers against every nail and button and bit of fringe, but found no place for her fare. Then she dropped to her seat with a loud complaint.

"There ain't no contrybution box nor nothin' for the fare," she said. "Where I come from there's allers a box; 'n' now my thimble 'n' my snuff-box 'n' my troche is all gone to Joppy," and she began to cry.

The merriment of the three damsels was now almost beyond control, though they affected well-bred airs by covering their mouths with dainty handkerchiefs and looking out of the window. A slight young girl, simply attired, but with an air of elegance about her, had been sitting in a corner, a quiet but keen observer of the scene. She now arose, picked up the old woman's scattered property, and, handing it to her, shyly said:

"Allow me to hand your fare up and tell me where you want to get off. I'll ask the driver to look after you."

After a deal more fumbling with the ancient pocketbook, a slip of paper with an address was produced. The address and the promised request were given to the driver, who was charged to take particular care of the lady, as she was feeble. The grateful old woman was assured that she would be well looked after, and the young girl left the stage. As she reached the ground a gentleman raised his hat and said:

"Good morning, Miss Gould."
She was Jay Gould's daughter Helen.
—Exchange.

Bread and Kisses.

She—"Why defer our marriage any longer, George?"

He—"We must wait till my salary is advanced."

"But we might live on bread and kisses."

"All right. I'll furnish the kisses if you skirmish around for the bread."—Norristown Herald.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

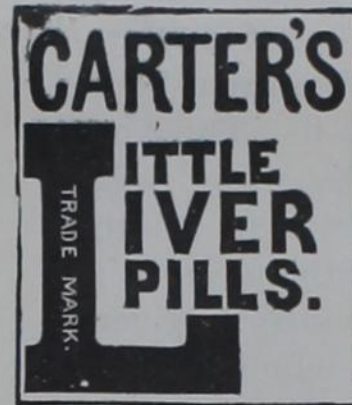
A New Religious View.

Prater—"You don't take much stock in religion, do you?"

Goodly—"Well, yes; I do. You see there may be a hell, and if there is, it's just as well to go to church and keep out of it."

Prater—"Humph! You seem to regard religion as a sort of fire insurance."
—America.

FIRST Colored Gentleman (with an air of pride)—"Dere's more work in a colored man dan dere is in a white one." SECOND Colored Gentleman (reflectively)—"Dat's so. But hit looks like hit's heap harder to git out ob him."—Buffalo News.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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The Woman's Cycle has been merged in the Home-Maker, with Mrs. Croley (Jennie June) as editor.

Wide Awake for October contains a choice collection of stories for juvenile readers, with many spirited and humorous illustrations. There is no periodical for the young that maintains a higher standard of excellence than Wide Awake, which is well entitled to its name.

The Cottage Hearth for October (11 Bromfield st., Boston) has a fine list of contributors. Among them are James Russell Lowell, who contributes a poem entitled, On Burning Some Old Letters; J. Torrey Conner, who writes Among Austriches and Orange Groves, and Mary Granger Chase, who has an interesting article on Sun-Dials.

Perhaps you have admired the arm of the smith, when, with upturned sleeves he has hammered the bright sparks from the iron which his skill and muscle are to transform into a shoe for your horse; or you have wished that you owned the back shoulders and legs of any one of the eight men who step out of the 'Varsity-boat; but you will never be really envious of physical excellence until you see two wrestlers, well-trained and in good condition, struggling for "a fall."—Outing for October.

Godey's Lady's Book for October is before us. It is all it claims to be—filled with a fund of knowledge gathered from all sources. As a leader in fashion, it has long been at the head. As an instructor in the domestic and family circle it is without a rival. Its pages abound in stories, poems, general miscellany, recipes, etc., and it deserves the liberal patronage it has so long received. Godey Publishing Co., Phila., Pa. \$2.00 a year.

Far West Sketches. By Jessie Benton Fremont. 12 mo, cloth, 206 pages, \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Almost from her youth has Mrs. Fremont been a frontierswoman. As the daughter of Senator Benton of Missouri she saw and heard much of the growing West in the days when her father was a power in the councils of the nation! as the wife of Fremont, "the Pathfinder," only recently gone to the great majority, she has been a part of much that has been stirring, dramatic and absorbing in the story of the great West. This collection of Far West Sketches, the latest contribution to American literature from her pen, is based upon what she has seen and what she has been a part of on the far Western frontier.

The opening paper in Frank Leslie's Monthly for October is The House of Representatives, described by Frederick S. Daniels, with numerous portraits and illustrations. Reminiscences of Foreign

Residents and of Old Times in New York City, by Pierre Morand, will interest old and new New Yorkers alike. The first Delmonico's, Beaver and South William streets (just torn down) is described, together with its habitués. There is an elaborate article on Fish Culture at Lake Sunapee, N. H., by Frederick M. Day, with illustrations. Several stories of interest, and poetry and miscellany which adds to the general flavor of a most acceptable number.

Mr. S. A. Moran, Prin. of the Stenographic Institute, Ann Arbor, Mich., has just issued still another edition of his excellent little work entitled One Hundred Valuable Suggestions to Shorthand Students. The contents of this book are so arranged that the Student of any system of Shorthand will derive great benefit from a careful study of it. The work is highly recommended by every well-known teacher and reporter in all the leading systems of Shorthand now in common use in this country. Every young lady or gentleman, who is making a study of Shorthand, or who is beginning to report, should secure a copy of this book. It is printed on good paper, and neatly bound in cloth with gold title on side. The book will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of \$1.00. Address, Stenographic Institute, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Papa Getting in His Work.

"Ethelinda, darling," murmured the enraptured young man, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I came here this evening hoping, yet fearing. I could not put it off any longer. I felt that I must know my fate. The suspense was killing me. But now—I swear it by this lovely head resting so confidently on my shoulder, by the kiss on your sweet lips, I—but what was that clicking noise I heard just then?"

"Nothing, Walter, nothing but papa. He's a lawyer, you know, but he amuses himself with all sorts of queer fads. He's practicing on us with his kodak. Go on, Walter, dear. What were you about to swear?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Homeseekers' and Harvest Excursions South, at One-Half Rates, via Illinois Central R. R.

On September 23rd and October 14th, 1890, the Illinois Central Railroad will sell Excursion Tickets at one fare for the round trip to all stations on its line in Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, excepting Memphis and New Orleans.

Tickets are limited to return within thirty days, and are good for stop-over privileges south of Cairo, both going and returning. The following are the principal points where northern people are settling: Jackson, Tenn.; Holly Springs, Miss.; Durant, Miss.; Aberdeen, Miss.; Canton, Miss.; Jackson, Miss.; Terry, Miss.; Crystal Springs, Miss.; Wesson, Miss.; Brookhaven, Miss.; McComb City, Miss.; Kentwood, La.; Roseland, La.; Amite, La.; Hammond, La.; Jeannerette, La.; Jennings, La.; Lake Charles, La.

For through tickets, rates, etc., apply to nearest Ticket Agent. For further information and copies of the "Southern Homeseekers' Guide" and "Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Guide to McComb City," apply to F. B. Bowes,

Gen'l Northern Pass. Agent, 194 Clark St., Chicago.



SCRAMBLING FOR IT.

Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

Shun Misrepresentations.

A Hard Hit.

Judge (to prisoner)—"What led you to commit this crime?"

Prisoner—"Better ask my lawyer. He can lie better than I can."—Yankee Blade.

Just a Habit.

"What is the matter with Fitzpercy?" asked Squildig.

"In what way?" asked McSwilligen, in return.

"He seems to be getting deaf."

"O, no. He merely has the 'Hey!' fever."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Clerical Error.

Lucy Snowball—"Look heah, Missus Johnsing, I loaned you two aigs yister-day, and yer has only brung me back one. How am dis?"

Sallie Johnsing—"Am dat so? I muster made a mistake in countin' 'em."—Munsey's Weekly.

When one begins to court the muses he is flirting with the waste-basket.—Dallas News.

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